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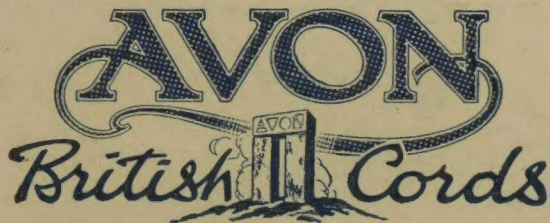
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By R. Wheelwright

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1926.

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NOW HEIR TO THE THRONE OF RUMANIA, SINCE HIS FATHER'S RENUNCIATION OF HIS RIGHTS : THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD PRINCE MICHAEL, SON OF PRINCE CAROL AND GRANDSON OF KING FERDINAND.

It was officially announced at Bucharest, on December 31, that the Crown Prince Carol had informed his father, King Ferdinand, in writing, of his irrevocable renunciation of the succession to the throne and of all the prerogatives of that rank, including membership of the Royal Family. The King accepted the renunciation, and, summoning a Council, asked those

present to support the proclamation of his grandson, Prince Michael, as Heir to the Throne. For this purpose Parliament was convened for January 4. Prince Carol, who is thirty-two, married Princess Helena of Greece, on March 10, 1921, and their son, Prince Michael, was born on October 25 in that year. Other photographs appear on a later page.

PHOTOGRAPH BY "JULIETTA," BUCHAREST.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAID something last week about the American system of central heating; and I should like to add a word or two of explanation. For it seems to me that the question of central heating is in many ways very central. It is appropriate to the present weather; it is typical of the present time. It stands for all that centralisation which is the great modern convenience and (I will add) the great modern inconvenience. Centralisation may be a meeting-place, a meet of noble hounds for great hunting; it may also be like twenty mad dogs tied together by their tails; for this also might be called centralisation. But, for good or evil, central heating and centralisation are modern enough for the moment. It is also interesting in reference to that American influence which is beginning to pervade the civilised world somewhat in the manner of the waves of steam heat; an atmosphere of mingled wealth and uplift which some feel as equally comfortable and I feel as equally stifling. It is very like the journalism of the West: for it is hot air. I hope I may be excused, as an old-fashioned Englishman, if I open a window on the subject.

To begin with, I think there are a good many old-fashioned Englishmen who ought to be ashamed of themselves. They were always bragging of their love of fresh air and grumbling at the closed casements of the Continent. They were always opening windows, demanding the opening of windows, offering to write to the *Times*, to appeal to the Foreign Secretary, to fight the waiter or go to war with the French Republic, if somebody did not open the windows; rushing at windows, rattling windows, bursting open windows, smashing windows, and falling out of windows in their search for fresh air as the symbol of freedom. And now they sit cowed and silent under the eye of an hotel-manager from New York.

Why do we not hear the old indignation in the new hotels? Why do we not meet there with the breezy Briton who demands a breeze? He has to submit meekly to something that is not even natural traditional stuffiness, but is a chemical and artificial stuffiness, a mild sort of poison gas.

Perhaps he believes by this time that human beings ought to live in a hot-house. Perhaps he will henceforth live entirely in his own conservatory, like the man in Barrie's fairy-tale who lived in his own dog-kennel. Personally, I should certainly prefer the dog-kennel. Perhaps it is now held that Christians can grow like cactuses, can sprout strange and fantastic features of a tropical luxuriance, noses like the beaks of tropic birds or whiskers like the wild profusion of tropic grasses, if they are subjected to waves of tropic heat. This may be the reason for thus putting human beings in hot-houses, but I incline to think that I credit the great Transatlantic ideal with too much lucidity in supposing that there is any reason other than the not very noble reason already mentioned: that Americans happen at the moment to have a good many dollars; and that they must be allowed to put us in a hot-house because they might put us in a hole. What I do not understand is how the traditional Englishman can take it so quietly.

But there are other aspects of this curious hygienic, or rather, very unhygienic, habit of recent times.

To begin with, it is rooted in philosophy and even in religion, like everything else. What is the matter with central heating is that it is not central. That is, it has not anywhere in the literal and Latin sense a focus; for a focus means a fireplace. In the very phrase "a fireplace" there is the normal and noble idea that everything is good in its place. There is a place for fire as for many other dangerous and destructive things; fire is a dragon, but it is a domesticated dragon. It is just as well, on the whole, not to let that wild dog out of its dog-kennel. But round the place where this terror and mystery was at once tolerated and guarded, revered and restrained, there has from the beginning sprung up a whole mythology of ritual and romance and figurative expression; as is natural in a home where so strange

in that snared and yet sacred splendour. For this, the localised and concentrated shrine where the god shows his golden face to his people, or (if you will) where the captive golden dragon in his cage is gloriously and almost triumphantly "on view," the other and more modern system substitutes a mere pervading atmosphere which, if it has a centre, has no visible focus or hearth. The centre of central heating hides itself somewhere behind walls or underground, as if it were ashamed of the warmth it has caused; as well it may be. That warmth itself is not a glow; that is, it is not something combining light and heat. It is not a coloured and flaming thing; we might almost say it is not a thing at all; it is not so much a thing as a state of things. It is simply a change in the weather—for the worse.

Now that sort of universal and invisible change, that change in the air around us, corresponds to a different view of life from all the old fairy-tales or historical anecdotes that surround the flame upon the hearthstone. Central heating is a form of pantheism. It is not so good a form as some that the philosophy of pantheism has taken in times of simpler and less scientific enthusiasm. It looks rather a dismal thing beside the heathens leaping and clashing the cymbals and crying out upon Demeter the Earth Goddess, or Buddhist monks staring blindly at the starry wheel of all things, or Lucretius writing his terrible world-story full of falling stars, or Shelley, with lifted head, looking along the wild track of the West Wind. But such as our respectable civilisation can offer in the way of a symbol, it stands for what some call universal and others merely impersonal.

It is part of the pagan worship of the unknown god, in a world where cosmology is more and more filled with unknown gods, as politics and economics are populated with unknown kings. For in modern bureaucracy and big business, our rulers are more and more masked or veiled, and we know not even the name of the ultimate bureaucrat or the invisible

financier who is the real ruler of the affairs of men, just as we know not the source of this paralysing domestic climate.

Even as a climate, central heating is the very reverse of a temperate climate, or even anything worth calling a mild climate. It is about as cosy as jumping into a tepid bath with one's clothes on. It gives none of the sensations of watching the sunrise from a mountain; such as should belong in the secondary degree to the experience of watching the lighting of a fire. By a hundred other tests of this sort, it would be easy to show that this trick of the Transatlantic fashion is a descent to an inferior civilisation. I do not say there should be no such thing as central heating; for that would be just as fanatical as saying that there should be nothing else. It is suitable to certain buildings, to certain problems, to certain conditions. But just as I like the fire in its place on the hearth, so I like the new method of heating in its place also; and I should like a good deal of it kept in its place on the other side of the Atlantic.



DEMONSTRATING THE GUIDANCE OF A SHIP BY ELECTRIC CABLES ON THE SEA-BED: SIR WILLIAM BRAGG (LEFT) GIVING THE FIRST OF THIS SEASON'S LECTURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Sir William Bragg, the famous scientist, gave the first of his six Christmas lectures for boys and girls at the Royal Institution, on December 29. The title of the series is "Old Trades and New Knowledge," and the subject of the first lecture was "The Trade of a Sailor." In our photograph Sir William is seen explaining a method of guiding ships in shallow water by cables laid on the sea-bed and charged with an alternating electric current. The system was illustrated in our issue of August 23, 1924, and, as there mentioned, is in use at Portsmouth and New York, and may be used for Cross-Channel boats. He also explained the difficulties experienced by early mariners in navigation, and showed examples of the instruments they used.—[Photograph by C.N.]

WE have again arranged with Sir William Bragg to publish a series of six articles he has written for us, condensing his delightful lectures at the Royal Institution, and illustrated by diagrams specially drawn under his direction. As mentioned above, the new series of lectures for the present season is entitled "Old Trades and New Knowledge," and the individual subjects are the Trades (1) of the Sailor; (2) of the Smith; (3) of the Weaver; (4) of the Dyer; (5) of the Potter; and (6) of the Miner. Our readers will recall that in 1920 and 1924 we published in similar form Sir William's abridgments of his lectures on "The World of Sound" and "Concerning the Nature of Things." Although arranged primarily for boys and girls, his lectures have also proved very fascinating to older people.

a goblin is at once revered as a god and used as a servant. The god is in his holy place, but he is a servant who must be taught to know his place. There is the whole of the healthy human relation to Nature

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THE RUMANIAN CROWN PRINCE'S ABDICATION : PERSONAGES CONCERNED.



Princess Helen, wife of the ex-Crown Prince of Roumania, with her son, Prince Michael.



The ex-Crown Prince Carol of Roumania & his second wife, Princess Helen.



(From l. to r.) front row: Prince Nicholas of Roumania, Princess Irene of Greece, the King of Roumania & Queen Marie of Serbia. Back row, (second from left) the ex-Crown Prince Carol of Roumania, Princess Helen (his wife), and the Queen of Roumania.



The ex-Crown Prince Carol of Roumania & his first wife (Mlle Zizi Lambrino), his marriage with whom was annulled.



The Queen of Roumania with her grandson, Prince Michael (son of Prince Carol & Princess Helen).

THE TROUBLE IN THE RUMANIAN ROYAL FAMILY : THE EX-CROWN PRINCE, WITH HIS PARENTS AND OTHER RELATIVES, HIS WIFE, AND THE MORGANATIC WIFE WHOM HE WAS PERSUADED TO REPUDIATE BEFORE HIS OFFICIAL MARRIAGE.

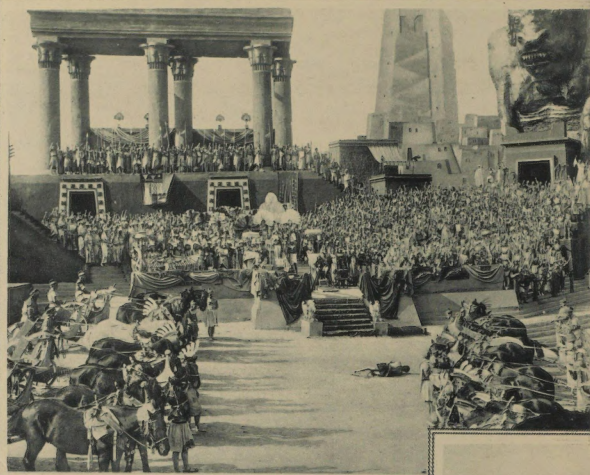
Prince Carol of Roumania, in renouncing his rights as Crown Prince, is said to have expressed a desire to be divorced from his wife (Princess Helena, daughter of the late King Constantine of Greece) and to assume the name of Scarlat Manastireanu, from his estate of Manastirea. In 1917 Prince Carol married at Odessa, under Austro-German auspices, Mlle. Zizi Lambrino, daughter of a Rumanian general, and had a son by her. Later, he was persuaded to give her up, and the marriage

was annulled as illegal. He went on a mission to Japan, and on returning married Princess Helena of Greece in 1921. Their son, Prince Michael, has been chosen Heir-Apparent, and, in case he succeeds while under age, there will be a Regency, including Prince Carol's brother, Prince Nicholas, who is an officer in the British Navy. On January 4 Bills giving effect to the new arrangements were announced to the Rumanian Parliament.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY "JULIETTA" (BUCHAREST) AND TOPICAL.]

A GREAT FILM SPECTACLE FROM PARIS: "SALAMMO."



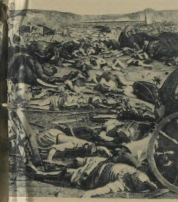
THE FATHER OF SALAMMO, THE HEROINE OF THE TALE: HAMILCAR, A PROMINENT CARTHAGINIAN GENERAL (M. VICTOR VINA).



THE CLIMAX OF THE STORY: THE DEATH OF MATHO (FALLEN ON THE GROUND) AFTER A TERRIBLE ORDEAL, AT THE CELEBRATION OF HIS DEFEAT BY HAMILCAR, AND THE MARRIAGE OF SALAMMO TO MARR-HAVAS, KING OF NUMIDIA.



THE BATTLEFIELD AFTER HAMILCAR'S VICTORY STREWN WITH BODIES OF MEN AND ELEPHANTS—A SCENE DONE SO REALISTICALLY THAT FORTY PERFORMERS WERE ACTUALLY WOUNDED.



"TOUCH IT NOT! IT IS THE VEIL OF THE GODDESS!" SALAMMO (LEFT BACKGROUND) SAVES MATHO (SLAIN BY HER ATTENDANTS, WHO WERE BOWING BEFORE THE SACRED EMBLEM).



"TOUCH IT NOT! IT IS THE VEIL OF THE GODDESS!" SALAMMO (LEFT BACKGROUND) SAVES MATHO (SLAIN BY HER ATTENDANTS, WHO WERE BOWING BEFORE THE SACRED EMBLEM).



CARTHAGE WILD WITH JOY AFTER HAMILCAR'S VICTORY OVER MATHO AND THE REBEL MERCENARIES: ONE OF THE GREAT CROWD SCENES IN A SPECTACLE THAT INCLUDED 70,000 PERFORMERS.

FLAUBERT'S FAMOUS ROMANCE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.



SACRIFICING HERSELF TO SAVE THE CITY: SALAMMO (Mlle. JEANNE DE BALZAC) AND MATHO (M. ROLLA NORMAN).



THE GODDESS WHOSE SACRED VEIL, BELIEVED TO BRING POWER AND PROSPERITY TO CARTHAGE, WAS STOLEN BY MATHO AND RECOVERED FROM HIS TENT BY SALAMMO: THE GREAT STATUE OF TANIT IN HER TEMPLE.



BEFORE THE GREAT IMAGE OF MOLOCH, RIVAL DEITY TO TANIT, AND EXALTED ABOVE HER BY THE PEOPLE WHEN THE LOSS OF HER VEIL BROUGHT PERIL UPON THEM: ELDERS OF CARTHAGE REPROACHING HAMILCAR (CENTRE BACKGROUND), ON HIS RETURN, FOR HAVING LEFT THE CITY, AND URGING HIM TO TAKE COMMAND AGAINST THE REBELS.

The great film spectacle based on Gustave Flaubert's famous novel, "Salammo," which has had a long and successful run at the Opéra in Paris, is to be produced at the Capitol Theatre, in London, on January 11, for a special season of a few weeks, before its general release. The fact that it was given at the Opéra, only once before used as a picture house for "The Miracle of the Wolves"), indicates the great importance of the occasion. The film was produced by Messrs. Aubert, of Paris. As shown by the above photographs, published here by courtesy of Isis Films, Ltd., the setting is on a lavish and magnificent scale. Flaubert himself, it may be recalled, visited Carthage, in 1858, to obtain local colour and archaeological detail for his story, and equal care has been taken to secure the right atmosphere in the film. A reconstruction of ancient Carthage was made, and one "set" alone—that of a temple on the

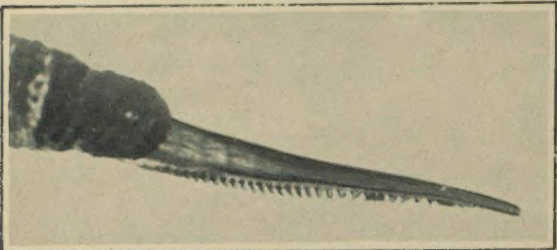
North African coast—cost a million francs. The performers numbered 70,000. The heroine, Salammo, daughter of Hamilcar, is played by Mlle. Jeanne de Balzac, descended from another great French novelist, whose name is thus linked with Flaubert's in this memorable production. The scene is laid at Carthage about 240 B.C., just after the first war with Rome, when Hamilcar (father of Hannibal), who had commanded the Carthaginians in Sicily, had left Carthage in disgust because he had not been adequately supported. He returned, to find that his mercenaries had rebelled, led by a Libyan named Matho, who had stolen the sacred veil of the goddess Tanit, and offered violent love to Salammo. She goes to Matho's tent and recovers the veil, whereupon fortune falls him. He is defeated, captured, and doomed to die at Hamilcar's triumph, when Salammo is to wed his rival, Marr-Havas. Doom also overtakes Salammo herself.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE BITTERN.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE just had the mournful satisfaction of examining two bitterns, "accidentally" killed but a day or two before by sportsmen out for other game. One, I was told, was shot because it was a "strange-looking" bird; the other in mistake for a mallard! He who sallies forth to shoot birds is



A SINGULAR STRUCTURE THAT IS "THE DESPAIR OF THE ORNITHOLOGIST": THE SERRATED COMB-LIKE CLAW OF THE BITTERN'S MIDDLE TOE, FOUND ALSO IN MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF BIRDS, BUT OF UNKNOWN PURPOSE.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

evidently by no means always an ornithologist. It may be urged that these two "accidents" need occasion no great lamentation, since the victims were probably only immigrants driven over to us by wintry weather on the Continent. One or two, indeed, are killed every year somewhere in England. Furthermore, I may be told that this bird has ceased to be a breeding species with us since the beginning of the last century. As a matter of fact, one or two pairs of bitterns have bred with us annually in Norfolk for some years, thanks to protective measures. And it is on this account that I am the more sad about this shooting, for these two *may*, after all, have been British-bred birds, and they are precious.



STANDING RIGID (AT THE LEAST ALARM) WITH ITS BEAK POINTED UPWARD, AND BLENDING PERFECTLY WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS: A BITTERN IN A REED-BED.

For the purpose of displaying the bird, the foreground has had to be shown as though it had been trampled down. The head and neck of a second bird may be seen hidden among the reeds on the extreme left, just to the right of a tall, black, rod-like stem with a short black rod just above it.

After G. E. Lodge. From Pycraft's "History of Birds."

It has not yet been my good fortune to share the delight of friends of mine who have many times, within the last year or two, listened to the weird and awe-inspiring "booming" notes broadcasted over the reed-beds wherein this strange bird so successfully hides itself and its offspring. Our rude forefathers probably welcomed this strange music, as a sign of returning spring. But it was not till men began to record their impressions in writing that we have a measure of the appeal it made to them. Pliny seems to have been one of the first to comment on it. Chaucer and Drayton both dwell upon its curiously ventriloquial vocal powers; and both adopt the tradition of their time as to its means of production. Thus Drayton—

The buzzing bitter sits, which through his hollow bill
A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth fill
The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a bull did roar.

It was supposed, in short, that the performer either thrust his bill into the water or into the hollow of a reed in producing these resonant notes. They issue from the mouth, however, while the head is pointed skywards, though I have failed to find by dissection any adequate explanation for the immense volume of the sound produced. The dissecting-knife, indeed, more often than not fails in these matters. It is not merely, however, on account of its singular musical powers that this bird invites comment. In the matter of its coloration it furnishes one of the most convincing illustrations of "protective coloration" to be found among birds. Its general hue is of a rich golden-buff, streaked and barred with dark chestnut and black; while the beak and feet are of a green hue matching that of the reeds amid which it spends its life.

By day it lurks securely within a wilderness of tall reeds, unapproachable save in a boat. At the slightest alarm it assumes a rigid posture, with the body, neck, and beak pointing skywards, and taking care always to present its breast towards the source of danger. At such times it simply fades away into the surrounding reeds, for the alternate light and dark stripes of buff blend perfectly with the surrounding dead reed-stems, the darker bands simulating the spaces between them. Only by the merest chance will discovery of its presence come about. Some idea of the perfection of this disguise may be gained by an examination of the accompanying illustration, painted for me by that incomparable bird-painter, Mr. G. E. Lodge. Though the colour is lacking, it still tells its tale. On the extreme left, and to the right of a tall, black, rod-like stem with a short black rod just above it, will be seen the head and neck of a second bird, in like manner trusting to "camouflage" to escape discovery. So long as you like to stand in front of it, be it no more than three feet off, so long will it keep to this attitude, absolutely rigid. I am here supposing that one has, by accident, "spotted" one of these birds just a moment before it came to "attention." But there are very few indeed who have ever had the good luck to do this.

All day long it hides here. But at night it sallies forth to feed, when nothing seems to come amiss to it. I have taken water-voles from its stomach as well as frogs; but a case is on record of a water-rail having been swallowed whole. Fish are also eaten, as well as beetles. Rising from its retreat as twilight falls, to seek its evening meal, it pursues at first a spiral course, often to a vast height, and with a wing-beat recalling that of its close relation the heron. When thus aloft it will often utter its strange cry, but the volume of the sound is dissipated in space—it must be heard from the reed-bed to be really impressive. A wounded bittern is to be approached with caution, for it will throw itself upon its back like a hawk, and fight with both beak and claws; and, since the neck is long, its range of action is considerable.

The plumage of this bird, apart from its coloration, is well worth careful examination. The feathers of the neck are surprisingly long and soft. Examined more closely, it will be found that these long feathers clothe the front of the neck only, the back being covered merely with buff-coloured down feathers. This, however, is not apparent when the bird is normally at rest, as the long feathers of the front of the neck sweep round to protect the relatively bare area. But when the bird is excited, as when "court-ing," these long neck-feathers are spread out to form a great shield. In the above photograph the long feathers have been brushed aside so as to expose the down-covered back of the neck.

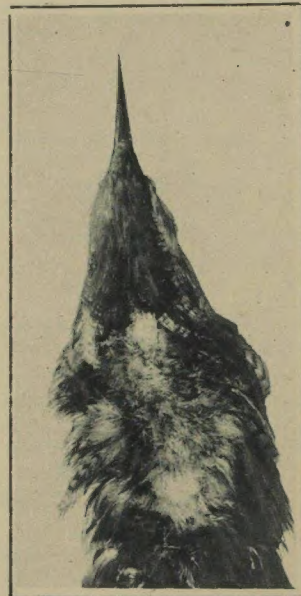
Like the heron, it possesses patches of those remarkable feathers known as "powder-downs"—a pair on the breast and a pair on the thighs, though they are far less well developed than in the heron. They have the peculiarity of continually breaking up to form a fine powder, finer than any face-powder, and

apparently affording a protection to the plumage against wet. But why should the heron and the bittern have developed this protection, and not the coot and water-hen occupying the same reed-bed?

The foot, like that of the heron, has the hind-toe placed on the same level as that of the three front toes, and is very long, forming an admirable support when walking over half-submerged water-weeds. But why is the claw of the middle toe serrated to form a sort of comb? This singular structure is the despair of the

ornithologist; for it is found in birds of the most diverse orders. In the night-jar it is supposed to be used to clean the long, stiff bristles which guard the mouth. But the bittern and the heron have no bristles to clean.

In olden times, when the bird was plentiful among us, it was highly esteemed as a table delicacy. Its flesh was said to resemble that of the leveret in colour and taste, with a suggestion of wild-fowl. Sir Thomas Browne considered young bitterns more delectable than young herons. Personally, since both are addicted to a diet of mice when they are attainable, I should avoid either. Perhaps Sir Thomas was unaware of this element of their diet. On migration the bittern, sometimes at any rate, travels in flocks of as many as forty, flying in a V-shaped formation, but every now and then breaking up in confusion, as though they had been fired at. Perchance this is a ruse which has been found expedient to save them from attack in mid-air. Ducks and geese habitually adopt this formation, but it is persistently maintained. Why does the bittern depart from the rule?



THE BITTERN'S PLUMAGE: THE UPPER PORTION OF THE DOWN-COVERED BACK OF THE NECK, EXPOSED BY DRAWING ASIDE THE LONG FEATHERS THAT FORM THE GREAT NECK-SHIELD.

tion the bittern, sometimes at any rate, travels in flocks of as many as forty, flying in a V-shaped formation, but every now and then breaking up in confusion, as though they had been fired at. Perchance this is a ruse which has been found expedient to save them from attack in mid-air. Ducks and geese habitually adopt this formation, but it is persistently maintained. Why does the bittern depart from the rule?



POSSESSING THE STRANGE QUALITY OF BREAKING UP INTO EXCEEDINGLY FINE POWDER, WHICH IS DISTRIBUTED OVER THE FEATHERS: THE REMARKABLE "POWDER-DOWN" PATCHES ON THE BITTERN'S BREAST, SMALLER THAN THOSE OF THE HERON.

NEW LIGHT ON MINOAN CRETE OF 2000 B.C.: THE MALLIA DISCOVERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ARCHEOLOGY AT ATHENS. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF SIR ARTHUR EVANS.



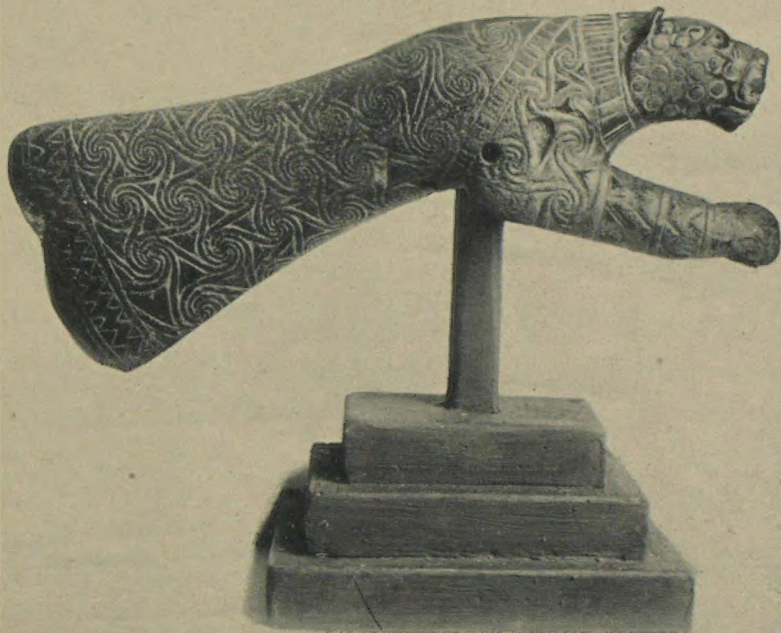
THE MOST UNUSUAL FEATURE OF THE MINOAN PALACE RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT MALLIA: STEPS TO A CENTRAL LOGGIA, WITH AN ALTAR PLATFORM WHEREON THE PRIEST-KING PERFORMED RELIGIOUS RITES.



WITH ONE OF ITS MASSIVE STONE PIERS (ON RIGHT) MARKED BY THE SACRED DOUBLE-AXE SYMBOL, AS FOUND AT KNOSSOS: A PILLAR CRYPT OF THE SANCTUARY AT MALLIA.



SHOWING A TYPICAL SHALLOW RECESS IN THE WALL, AS IN THE MINOAN BUILDINGS AT KNOSSOS: A SECTION OF THE WEST WALL OF THE PALACE AT MALLIA.



WITH A COLLAR INDICATING ITS USE IN HUNTING: A LEOPARD FORMING THE BUTT OF A CEREMONIAL AXE—ONE OF THREE WEAPONS OF A PRIEST-KING, THE "CROWNING DISCOVERY" AT MALLIA.



SHOWING THE BASES OF ALTERNATE PIERS AND COLUMNS: REMAINS OF A COVERED PORTICO, BEHIND WHICH WERE MAGAZINES FOR STORING OIL, ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE PALACE AT MALLIA.

Highly interesting and important discoveries have resulted from the new excavations at Mallia, on the north coast of Crete some miles east of Knossos, conducted by archaeologists of the French School at Athens. Describing their work recently in the "Times," Sir Arthur Evans, the discoverer of the great Minoan Palace at Knossos, dates the ruins at Mallia to about 2000 B.C. "The palace," he writes, "though considerably smaller than that of Knossos, was not much inferior in scale to that of Phaistos. . . . A covered portico ran along the whole east side, supported by alternate piers and columns. . . . At the back of this lies a row of magazines, with elaborate structural devices for the storage of oil. . . . At the

western side two narrow flights of four steps led up to a kind of loggia. . . . We may suppose that the priest-king stepped up to the altar-platform, there to perform religious rites. . . . In a small side-chamber was made the crowning discovery . . . three truly royal weapons. One was a bronze dagger. . . . By it was a sword. . . . With the above was another bronze weapon, of a ceremonial kind. This was an axe, the butt of which is wrought in the shape of a spotted pard in the act of springing. The collar and leash point to a beast made use of for hunting. The zoomorphic butt suggests comparison with the lion-axes of Persian ritual. An Oriental religious influence is here unmistakable."

DINOSAUR EGG-HUNTING IN THE GOBI DESERT:

NEW TREASURE FROM THE "FLAMING CLIFFS" AND THE "PLACE OF MUDDY WATER."

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, Leader of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, in Co-operation with ASIA Magazine.

The first discovery of dinosaur eggs in Mongolia in 1923 was described by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews in an illustrated article contributed to our issue of Dec. 15 in that year. In the following article he relates the results of the new expedition of 1925. Much trouble was caused owing to the camel caravan with supplies being held up by local Mongolian officials at a frontier-post during the long trek of 800 miles across the Gobi Desert. When Mr. Andrews reached the post, with his scientific party and equipment in motor-cars, he took a high hand with the chief official for having ignored the permit granted by their Government at Urga, and threatened to take him back there to answer for his conduct. Thus the caravan was enabled to proceed, but the delay "caused unending difficulties throughout the entire summer because of our weakened camels." At length the whole expedition reached the scene of action—Shabarakh Ussu (the "Place of Muddy Waters"), with its chaos of red ravines known as the "Flaming Cliffs."

SHABARAKH USSU is a famous place, and it is one of those spots that live up to expectations. You look into a vast pink basin studded with giant buttes like strange beasts, carved from sandstone. One of them we named the "Dinosaur," for it resembled a huge *Brontosaurus* sitting on its haunches. There are mediæval castles with spires and turrets brick-red in the evening light, colossal gateways, walls, and ramparts. Caverns run deep into the living rock, and a labyrinth of ravines and gullies makes a paradise for the palæontologist. Like a fairy city, it is ever changing. In the flat light of midday the strange forms shrink and lose their shape; but when the sun is low the Flaming Cliffs take on a deeper red, and a strange, mysterious beauty lies with the purple shadows in every cañon.

There had been little change since we left in 1923. The tracks of our motor-cars were filled with sand, but still distinct; the old camp site on the basin rim was marked by a heap of discarded stone blocks, each containing an incomplete skull of a dinosaur which had lived there ten million years ago. Last summer our tents were pitched on the basin floor near the well. I loved the spot, for I had only to raise my eyes to see the sculptured ramparts of the Flaming Cliffs shimmering in the Gobi mirage. A few hundred yards to the north was an area of shifting sand now dotted with a "forest" of tamarisks, the stunted desert trees. There we discovered traces of the "Dune Dwellers," a race that lived in the Old Stone Age, nearly twenty thousand years ago.

There was little doubt that we had found all the dinosaur eggs that were exposed in 1923, for our palæontologists had combed the Red Beds inch by inch. But two winters of wind and frost and blasting gales had stormed the cliffs, and one summer of fierce day heat and cold nights had split the rocks.

In some spots a year or two makes little change; in others it may work miracles. We hoped that the Red Beds was such a place, and our hopes came true. There were more dinosaur eggs—nests of them, singles, whole ones, broken eggs, big ones and little ones; eggs with smooth, paper-thin shells, eggs with thick, striated shells. In short, more eggs, different kinds,

and bigger and better eggs than any we had found the first year.

The knives of wind and frost and rain had worked wonders in that soft red sandstone. It had swept the obscuring sediment from the surface of hundreds of feet of rock and cliff, laying bare enough to give a clue to what was underneath. In some spots it was only half an inch or less, but that was sufficient to expose a tiny bit of shell or the tip of a white bone.

Chance, luck, coincidence—or whatever you wish to call it—often leads to the most important discoveries. Several have happened during the three years of this expedition which I don't dare tell about, because the stories are never believed. The skull of the giant *Baluchitherium* was found that way. After relating the incident in two lectures, and watching the expressions of tolerant amusement on the faces of my audience, I gave it up. People never will realise that truth often is stranger than fiction.

I rather expect that the public will think we "planted" a nest of dinosaur eggs which Lovell found on the very rim of the basin, with a sheer drop of two hundred feet below them. But I am going to tell the story anyway, since there

incident occurred which was not in the original. While Lovell was making his first unsuccessful attempt to scale the face of the cliff, he had dislodged several huge pieces of rock. Shackelford insisted that this must be done again; it was "good action." Climbing up, Lovell disappeared behind a projecting ledge while "Shack" ground off the film, meanwhile shouting, "A little more speed; give us something real." A second later there was a crash, and down came a great mass of rock with Lovell following, tumbling and rolling almost to the camera. He was covered with red sand, his face was bleeding, and there was a terrible bruise on his hip, but, thank heaven! no bones were broken. Shackelford believed that Lovell was performing for his especial benefit, and kept on taking pictures, shouting encouragement the while.

It was a delicate and extremely dangerous operation to remove the eggs. A high wind blew the entire time, and Walter Granger had to lie at full length to avoid being swept over the brink. He took out the entire block of stone containing the nest, and the eggs will be freed from rock at the Museum. Although the tops of the eggs are broken, the lower halves of all of them are almost certain to be intact and will make a splendid exhibit.

As soon as we arrived at the Red Beds, I promised a bottle of real "pre-war" to the man who found the first eggs. (We had only three or four bottles for "medicinal purposes.") This started great competition. George Olsen qualified on the second day. His discovery included five almost perfect eggs. It was another bit of luck which may be hard to believe. George was prospecting in the gully where he discovered the first eggs in 1923. Not thirty yards from the site of the original nest he saw a bit of shell fragment in the loose sand; a few feet further up the slope was a larger piece—then no more. Crawling on hands and knees, he went over every inch of ground, but there was not a trace which could lead him to expect the presence of more eggs. Impatiently, he drove his collector's pick into the end of a cracked rock, overturning a chunk weighing fifty pounds.

Adhering to the under-side were four dinosaur eggs, three of them unbroken. The fourth was cracked in half, and the end of the fifth fitted the fragments which had led him to the nest.

Olsen is the champion dinosaur-egg hunter of the world! "Bigger and better eggs" was our slogan, and he outdid himself and all the rest of us by a find which he made just before we left Shabarakh Ussu for the last time. It was an even dozen eggs, larger and finer than any that have yet been discovered. They had broken out of a low shelf of rock and were lying buried in soft sand. All he had to do was to brush them out.

These eggs are almost perfectly elliptical, and about nine inches long. In fact, they are nearly the shape of a loaf of French bread. The beautifully striated shell shows a variety of patterns on different parts of the same egg. Although the shell of this type is one-eighth of an inch thick and very solid, a group found by Dr. Loucks had shells of almost paper thinness. They are only four inches long, and remarkably slender with pointed ends. Then there is a smooth-shelled type, a trifle larger in size, and one or two still bigger varieties with pebbled or pitted surfaces.

(Continued in Boxes on following page.)



ALMOST PERFECTLY ELLIPTICAL AND ABOUT NINE INCHES LONG: A DOZEN OF THE LARGEST DINOSAUR EGGS YET DISCOVERED—GEORGE OLSEN SHOWING HIS GREAT "FIND" TO MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS.

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are thirteen other men to vouch for it, and we have photographic evidence of the nest's position, at least.

Norman Lovell is one of our motor transport experts, but his tastes run to anything that has an element of risk in it. He was always poking about the Flaming Cliffs looking for eagles' nests, which usually were so high that he would have to cut steps in the sandstone wall to reach them. It was in this way that he found the dinosaur eggs.

A kite's nest lay just under the edge of the great peneplain which sweeps down from Mount Gurban Saikhan and breaks off at the basin. After several unsuccessful attempts to climb the face of the cliff, he gave it up and approached the nest from above, "to see what he could see." Crawling on his hands and knees to the very edge, he lay flat on his stomach trying to peer into the nest, when his hand struck something sharp. It was the knife-like edge of a broken dinosaur eggshell! The upper parts were gone, but the remains of fourteen eggs were in their original positions, firmly embedded in the rock.

We reconstructed the scene exactly as it happened for Shackelford's motion-picture camera, but one

LAID TEN MILLION YEARS AGO: DINOSAUR EGGS IN MONGOLIA.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THIRD ASIATIC EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, IN CO-OPERATION WITH ASIA MAGAZINE. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH ASIA MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.



"ENCLOSED IN ROCK FOR TEN MILLION YEARS EXACTLY AS THE MOTHER DINOSAUR LEFT THEM AT HER LAST VISIT": THE FIRST NEST OF EGGS FOUND (BY OLSEN) DURING THE LATEST EXPEDITION TO MONGOLIA—JUST AS THEY APPEARED WHEN A PIECE OF ROCK WAS OVERTURNED.—[Copyrighted by ASIA Magazine and the American Museum of Natural History.]

2.

hundred feet between the lowest and highest nests. It would require a very long time to deposit two hundred feet of sediment. Therefore, this spot must have been used as a dinosaur nesting-place for thousands of years, probably hundreds of thousands. What was it that brought the reptiles to Shabarakh Ussu generation after generation? Food or water would hardly explain it. It seems to me that part of the answer, at least, lies in the peculiar quality of the sand. Like living reptiles, dinosaurs scooped out shallow holes and laid their eggs in circles with the ends pointing inward; sometimes there were three tiers of eggs, one on top of the other. We found one nest arranged that way. Then the hen-dinosaur concealed her eggs with a thin layer of sand and left them to be hatched by the sun's rays. The covering sediment must, of necessity, be loose and porous in order to admit warmth and air to the eggs. Food and water probably combined with the excellent sand to make ideal nesting

[Continued overleaf, in "boxes."]

1.
(Continued from opposite page.)

"WITHOUT a doubt these represent different species and genera of dinosaurs. It seems probable that the larger striated-shell types, which are most abundant, were the product of *Protoceratops andrewsi*. This dinosaur, the ancestor of the huge *Triceratops* found in America, was only about 8 ft. long. The thin, smooth-shell eggs may have been laid by several varieties of the smaller carnivorous dinosaurs, bones of which we found in 1923. It is certain that this summer we have discovered at least two types which were not represented in our 1923 collection. The abundance of eggs in this single locality is most surprising. In 1923 we obtained thirty specimens, in a more or less fragmentary condition. This year at least forty have been discovered, of which fifteen or twenty are well preserved. The Flaming Cliffs must have been a great dinosaur incubator. In 1923 we found most of the eggs near the floor of the basin, but this summer they were discovered at levels all the way up to the very rim. There is a difference of two

[Continued in Box 2.]



SOME OF THEM MEASURING NEARLY NINE INCHES IN LENGTH, AND ALL INTACT OR CAPABLE OF BEING PIECED TOGETHER FROM ADJACENT FRAGMENTS OF SHELL: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE "BIGGER AND BETTER" DINOSAUR EGGS FOUND DURING THE LATEST EXPEDITION.—[Copyrighted by ASIA Magazine and the American Museum of Natural History.]

During its second season, last year, the American scientific expedition to Mongolia was even more successful in its discoveries of dinosaur eggs than on the previous visit to the same region in 1923. As the leader of the party, Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, says in his very interesting account of their recent work (given on the opposite page) larger and finer eggs were found, embedded in the sandstone

rock, just where the mother reptiles had laid them some ten million years ago. Some of the best specimens of the newly discovered eggs are shown on this page and in the photograph that accompanies the article. Further photographs illustrating the cars and camels of the expedition, and the locality where the dinosaur eggs were found, are given on the double-page following.

ACROSS THE GOBI TO "A GREAT DINOSAUR INCUBATOR": CARS AND CAMELS ON TREK TO "FLAMING CLIFFS."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THIRD ASIATIC EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, U.S.N.

CO-OPERATION WITH ASIA MAGAZINE. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH ASIA MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.



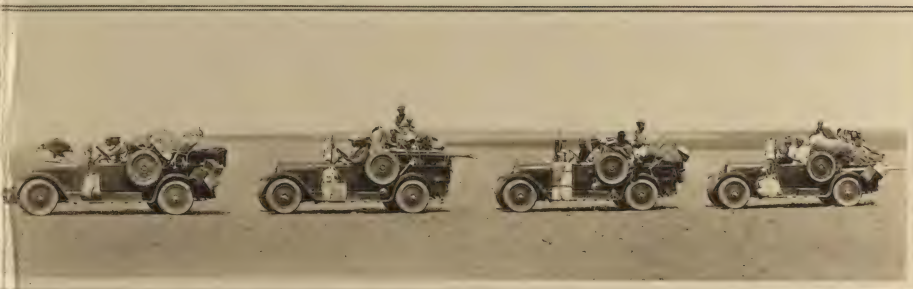
SHOWING, IN THE FIRST CAR, MR ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, AT THE WHEEL; IN THE SECOND, WOLF, A POLICE DOG FROM PEKING ON A HIGH CLIFF AND SINCE PLACED IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK; THE MOTOR CARAVAN OF THE

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Continued from "box" on preceding page.]

conditions for the dinosaurs. The dry country and the loose sand probably explain how such delicate objects as eggs were so beautifully preserved. After they had been deposited the dinosaur covered them with only enough sediment to conceal them from egg-thieves. Even to-day, as we have good reason to know, gales which drive and pile up sand are frequent. In a wind-storm five or six feet of sediment might easily have drifted over a nest. The warmth of the sun could no longer penetrate to the eggs, and incubation abruptly ceased. The weight of heaped-up

sand eventually cracked the shells, and the liquid contents of the eggs ran out. Simultaneously the extremely fine sand sifted into the interior, making the solid cores which are present in all our specimens. The loose sediment of the entire region eventually became consolidated into red sandstone, the matrix in which all the eggs are enclosed. Thus, it can readily be understood why some of the nests have remained enclosed in rock for ten million years exactly as the mother-dinosaur left them at her last visit. Few people realise that there were big



WHO "EARNED HIS MEAT-BONES BY ASSUMING NIGHT-WATCH OF THE CAMP": AND, ON THE FOURTH CAR, A MONGOLIAN CONDOR CAUGHT YOUNG IN A NEST AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO MONGOLIA IN QUEST OF DINOSAUR EGGS AND OTHER PALEONTOLOGICAL TREASURE.

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dinosaurs and little dinosaurs, just as to-day there are pythons and grass-snakes. When an eight- or nine-inch egg is exhibited the public is horribly disgusted. It demands something about the size of an office safe. It visualises only the great Sauropod dinosaurs, *Diplodocus* or *Brontosaurus*, reptiles which could have looked into a second-story window if there had been houses at that time. Those creatures must have laid eggs, it is true, and perhaps we will find one some time. But until then the ones we have must do. After all, an eight-foot dinosaur, which

was mostly tall at that, could not be expected to do much better than a nine-inch egg! Personally, I think it was a pretty good effort. The dinosaur eggs were by no means the most important items in the list of treasures which Shabarakh Uusu produced." In our next issue will appear another article by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews describing the discovery of traces of a prehistoric race known as the Dune Dwellers, who inhabited the Gobi Desert some 20,000 years ago, and had evidently been the first finders of dinosaur eggs.



ARRIVING AT LAST AT THE FLAMING CLIFFS, WHERE THE DINOSAUR EGGS WERE FOUND: THE CAMEL CARAVAN, WHICH HAD FLOODED 800 MILES ACROSS THE GOBI FROM KALCAN—400 OF BANDIT COUNTRY IN "40-BELOW-ZERO WEATHER" AND 400 OF ARID DESERT WITH INCREASING HEAT.

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WHERE A NEST OF FOURTEEN DINOSAUR EGGS HAD BEEN FOUND "ON THE VERY RIM OF THE BASIN WITH A SHEER DROP OF 200 FT. BELOW": WALTER GRANGER AND HIS CHINESE ASSISTANT ENGAGED IN THE DELICATE AND DANGEROUS TASK OF REMOVING THE EGGS.

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The expedition across the Gobi Desert to the Flaming Cliffs at Shabarakh Uusu, where the dinosaur eggs were found, travelled in two sections, the scientific party under Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, with their equipment, in motor-cars, and a camel caravan with supplies in charge of a native leader, named Merin. The delays he encountered are described in the Introductory note to the article by Mr. Andrews on page 44. Describing the end of the journey, the latter writes: "Our revised plans necessitated a considerable wait at Shabarakh Uusu, while the camel caravan trekked across the intervening 400 miles of gravel desert. For motors it was splendid; for camels, awful. The vegetation would hardly feed a sand-rat; the wells were a hundred miles apart. Our camels would have to draw nourishment from the fat stored in their humps." Merin promised to arrive in twenty-one days. He was a week late; but one night

we heard a wild Mongol song in the moonlight. It was answered from camp, and everyone ran out in pyjamas to see Merin silhouetted against the sky on the rim of the basin. Ninety-six camels were close behind him, and the caravan was safe. We ourselves reached Shabarakh Uusu without difficulty. The late afternoon sun threw wonderful purple shadows into the chaos of red ravines when we halted on the edge of the great eastern cañon. There we had found the famous dinosaur eggs in 1923. With what it has given us since, I suppose Shabarakh Uusu is the most important single locality in the world from the standpoint of paleontology." The incident of the discovery of a nest of dinosaur eggs on the very edge of a high cliff (illustrated above) is described by Mr. Andrews in his article.



WINTER SPORT IN THE SNOW: SKI-ING AT ST. MORITZ—UPWARD ZIGZAGS AND STRAIGHT DESCENT.

When we talk of winter sport, we usually think of Alpine snows, such as are seen in this photograph taken recently at St. Moritz. It shows a skier on a snow-slope and, above him, the straight track of his descent, between

winding zig-zag tracks by which he had ascended. On the opposite page we give, by way of contrast, a photograph showing that on the sunny Riviera a different conception of winter sport exists.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. GABERELL.



"WINTER SPORT" IN THE SUN: THE RIVIERA—A SINGLE BETWEEN Mlle. LENGLEN (LEFT) AND MRS. SATTERTHWAITE.

On the sunny Riviera a very different idea of "winter sport" prevails from that associated with Switzerland or Scandinavia. It includes summer games such as lawn-tennis. To point the contrast with the scene illustrated opposite,

we give this photograph of a single between Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Satterthwaite, played recently during the Beau Site Tournament at Cannes. The men spectators find overcoats unnecessary.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is one name in English literature which must always take precedence in any gathering of books, so I begin these notes with some observations on a new edition of "THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," chronologically arranged, with introductions by Charles Whibley; three vols, illustrated (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. each net). The first volume contains the Comedies, the second the Histories, and the third the Tragedies, followed by "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," the Sonnets, "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "The Phoenix and the Turtle." The books are bound in dark-red cloth covers, which do not err on the side of over-decoration, and are clearly printed on good paper. The illustrations, of which there are fourteen each in Vols. I. and II. and twelve in Vol. III., are well reproduced in photogravure. The three frontispieces are the Droeshout engraving from the First Folio, the original painting (now in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford) from which it was done, and a contemporary portrait of Richard Burbage. The rest represent scenes and characters from the plays.

I suppose it is in keeping with the Locarno spirit that the names of most of the artists have a Teutonic sound, but I confess to some lingering prejudice in favour of including other nationalities also, if it was necessary to go abroad for illustrators to Shakespeare. It is only fair to add that the German pictures are quite attractive. A few British painters are also represented, among them Holman Hunt with a scene from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," S. Harding's engraving of a portrait of Alleyn, Drummond's painting of Edmund Kean as Richard III., Sir Thomas Lawrence with a picture of John Kemble as Coriolanus, and F. Westall with a portrait of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. The text has been taken from the Globe Shakespeare, edited by W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. Each volume has a glossary, but it is not stated whether this is a new feature or a reprint.

Mr. Charles Whibley is not only a sound critic, but an admirable writer, and his introductions to the three volumes make an important addition to the great body of Shakespearean commentary. They are illuminating essays on the subject-matter of the plays, and the development of Shakespeare's style, stage-craft, and characterisation. But an essay on Shakespeare, however brilliant, need not always be accompanied by a reprint of his works, otherwise the world would hardly contain the books that should be printed. In an edition that makes a strong point of the chronological order of the works, I should rather have expected some discussion of the evidence (as to dates of composition) on which that order is based, but of all this there is no hint. Moreover, I think that the value of a chronological order, as showing the growth of Shakespeare's genius, would consist rather in setting out the whole of the works continuously in that order, instead of classifying them in three divisions, each apparently chronological within itself, with the early poems placed at the end. I am not an authority on Shakespearean chronology, but I rather fancy that Shakespeare did not first complete the comedies, then the histories, and then the tragedies; indeed, Mr. Whibley himself says: "The greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies were written, it is said, within the compass of a few years. These were his *anni mirabiles*. And there was 'The Tempest' still to write." The foregoing criticism, of course, concerns the description of this edition rather than the books themselves, which are a valuable form in which to possess Shakespeare's works.

There would not seem at first sight to be any close connection between Shakespeare and the subject of "LIARS AND FAKERS," by Philip W. Sergeant, with eight illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s. net). Apart from the fact, however, that Mr. Charles Whibley is the author of a "Book of Scoundrels," Shakespeare himself was the posthumous victim of one of the "Fakers" here presented—namely, William Henry Ireland, whose extraordinary forgeries provided London with a great sensation at the end of the eighteenth century. It was on April 2, 1796, that "Vortigern," an alleged newly discovered play of Shakespeare, was produced at Drury Lane, with Kemble and Mrs. Jordan in the cast. The play came to grief when Kemble,

evidently sceptical of its authenticity, delivered in ultra-sepulchral tones the line—

And when this solemn mockery is ended—

repeating it with "even more solemn grimace" after a "most discordant howl" from the pit had died away. In this very entertaining book Mr. Sergeant gives a spirited account of several other ingenious rogues whose deceptions were more sinister. In his choice of liars he has been, as he points out, less sweeping than King David, and has limited himself to three monumental examples—Titus Oates ("the Salamanca Doctor"), Thomas (*alias* Duke) Dangerfield, and George Psalmanazar, the pretended Formosan prince, who was known to Dr. Johnson. The illustrations include portraits and several old prints of punishment in the pillory.

From the bearers of false witness it is but a step to the breaking of a graver Commandment, offences against which form the subject of "MURDER IN FACT AND FICTION," by Canon J. A. R. Brookes (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d. net).

The realm of crime has long been a happy hunting-ground for novelists and short-story writers, but of late there has been a marked extension of interest in criminology among authors of more serious purpose. This treatise on murder in its various phases, by an ecclesiastical writer, will appeal strongly both to the general reader and the student of psychology. There is often a profound sense of disquietude in the public conscience—I have felt it deeply myself—at the

into the seamy side of life, as revealed in a police court, or to accumulate anecdotes, which he gives in plenty. He hopes that through his book "public opinion may be enlightened upon some important questions and made to understand the extent to which it is responsible for many of the evils which afflict society." As an appendix he gives the story of a man's actual life in prison.

Mr. Chapman himself has always felt that a magistrate should not restrict himself to punishing the guilty, but should help the fallen and endeavour to trace the causes of their downfall and the effects of punishment. With that motive he joined many preventive organisations. A very striking passage in his book, linking it with that of Canon Brookes, is one in which he recalls the extreme ferocity of our criminal law little more than a century ago. In those days the "quality of mercy" appears to have been rather strained (*pace* Portia) at the Old Bailey.

"In the year 1800," writes Mr. Chapman, "capital punishment was the penalty for 200 offences, and in 1819 it was applicable to about 180, and it was not until 1837 that capital offences were reduced to 4. Children were under the same liability as adults, and some were actually executed up to the year 1800, for offences which no magistrate would now think of punishing at all." He recalls the case of a clerk who was in the employment of an uncle of his own, between 1825 and 1830, and was hanged for forging a small cheque, in spite of the efforts of his employers to save him. The deterrent effect of capital punishment is frequently urged, but it might be pertinent to ask whether the minor crimes formerly punished by death have so very greatly increased since the extreme penalty was removed.

Incidentally, Mr. Chapman was interested in the linguistic side of police-court proceedings and the misuse of words. "It was very usual," he says, "for a policeman to tell me, of a woman charged with drunkenness, that when he first saw her she was 'laying upon the pavement.'"

I always murmured 'lying, you mean,' but generally without effect, unless it was to create some confusion as to the prisoner having spoken falsely." My own grammatical doctrine on this point agrees with that of the magistrate, but I may remind Mr. Chapman that Robert might have cited good and weighty authorities for his usage—one from the Bible and the other from Byron. In Acts ix. 24 we read, "But their laying await was known of Saul"; and in "Childe Harold" (Canto IV. Stanza 180), in the famous apostrophe to Ocean occurs the line—

And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

A contrast to British judicial methods is presented in a fascinating little book called "BEDOUIN JUSTICE," by Austin Kennett, illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d. net). The author was at one time administrative officer in the Libyan Desert and in Sinai, where he had abundant opportunities for studying Bedouin character and social life, with its (to us) peculiar views on such matters as ownership of property and the position of women. In many respects the book recalls the Mosaic ordinances in the Pentateuch. There is a fundamental difference between our penal law and that of the Bedouin. We punish guilty individuals in order to discourage

the others and protect the community. "Bedouin law, on the other hand," writes Mr. Kennett, "is based on the tribal and collective idea," and in it "individualism plays no part." It "knows no punishments *qua* punishments; it is solely concerned with the retribution and restitution of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' whose eye or whose tooth being immaterial to the principles involved."

Murder cases among the Bedouin are often settled by the payment of "blood-money," and, where coin is scarce, the "money" usually takes the form of a fixed number of camels. If such arrangements appear sordid and repugnant to our ideas, as failing to inculcate any sense of moral responsibility, the system is not without an element of social beneficence. "The primary and fundamental idea at the back of all Bedouin Law," says the author, "is to make peace between the conflicting parties, and to obviate the possibility of reprisals." The primitive method of trial by ordeal is sometimes used in disputes where evidence is lacking.

C. E. B.



RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN FRANCE, AND SIMILAR TO SOME IN ABYSSINIA: A PRE-HISTORIC MEGALITH BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN AN IDOL OF THE BRONZE AGE OR THE AGE OF POLISHED STONE.

Describing this stone (on page 76 of this number), M. Marc André Fabre writes: "Quite recently the Abbé Hermet found, at La Verrière, near Montagnol (Aveyron), a new menhir statue differing from the preceding ones. It does not represent a human face or back, but the vertical folds of a garment can be seen quite clearly, and an object shaped like a knife placed horizontally. One can only suppose that these statues were divinities, and date from the Bronze or Polished Stone Age."

time of executions, over the apparent failure of the law to discriminate sufficiently between one kind of murder and another. Many people will probably agree with Canon Brookes when he writes: "The crime of murder itself needs further differentiation, into Murder of the First and Second Degree. Murder of the first degree should be reserved for cold-blooded murders that are entirely without excuse, and these should be punished by death. But murders of the second degree that were provoked, or in some sense more excusable, should be punished by a lengthy period of penal servitude." The prefatory attack on Bolshevism in art and poetry, though I agree with it in the main, strikes me as being slightly irrelevant to the subject of the book.

While a clergyman writing on crime and its legal punishment is in the eyes of the law a layman, a strictly professional account of judicial procedure is given in "THE POOR MAN'S COURT OF JUSTICE: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AS A METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATE," by Cecil Chapman, with portrait (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s. net). In recording his remarkably interesting experiences the author has wished to do something more than merely afford glimpses

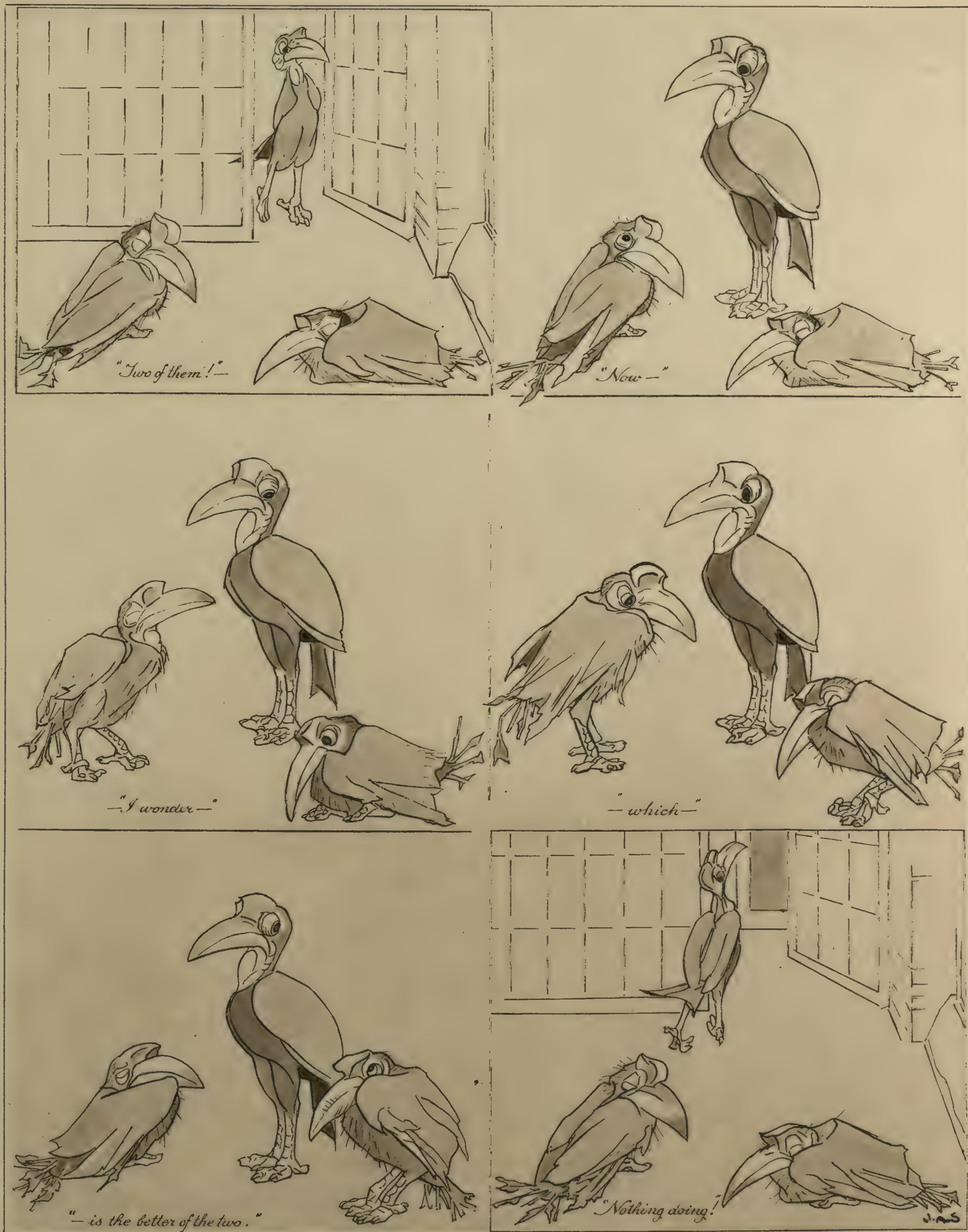


REPRESENTING A CONVENTIONAL HUMAN FIGURE, WITH ARMS, LEGS, BELT, NECKLACE, AND KNIVES: ANOTHER MENHIR STATUE FOUND IN FRANCE, AT LES ARRIBATS (TARN).

(See Article on page 76.)

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. II.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY I. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW UNHAPPY SHOULD I BE WITH EITHER! THE GROUND HORNBILL DECIDES TO LIVE SINGLE.

"The Ground Hornbill," says Mr. Shepherd in his note on these drawings, "discovers the two new arrivals. He casts his swivel eye—an eye of bitter disparagement—on the objects (and they *are* objects!). The females stagger to their feet for inspection, and then collapse. Apparently there is nothing doing.

There is no such deplorable object in creation as a feeble and tattered Ground Hornbill, not even in a police court. These two birds, misfed in their youth, arrived at the 'Zoo' in very poor feather. Their most prized tit-bit is a rat, and they never take a bath. There is nothing more to be said."

"Works of Intellect": Pharaonic Portrait-Reconstructions.

"KINGS AND QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT." PORTRAITS BY WINIFRED BRUNTON.*

BETWEEN fourteen and fifteen years ago, Mrs. Guy Brunton visited the Cairo Museum of Antiquities, which now treasures the golden coffin of Tutankhamen, saw the royal mummies for the first time, and remarked, especially, how striking is that of Sety I., who, striding the battlefield like Set, the God of War, made the Hittites "taste the taste of his fingers"; how Rameses II., "the incarnate god," lives in death—the magnificent egotist deemed by many to be the Pharaoh of the Oppression.

The occasion was a milestone of her artistic career. "As I hung over the cases enclosing them," she writes, "the thought crossed my mind, 'How delightful it would be to make these stately ancients sit, in their actual flesh, for their modern portraits!' Though at first a casual impulse, the idea stayed and grew. I began to form mental pictures of ancient royalty in its brilliant regalia and robes of white linen—to study the methods of mummification so as to understand the changes it involves in the outward aspect of the body. If one could realise the behaviour of the features under the operation, would it not be possible to reverse the process in imagination, and reconstruct the living subject? Then how enthralling to indicate on the restored features the character and temperament of the man, so far as known to us through history!"

The latent became active. The painter began the labour of her dream. "To make a serious study of these royal dead," she concluded, "I must be guided by the mummies principally, but not exclusively. I turned to the statues and reliefs. These would show me how the sitters impressed the artists of those days, and the work of an artist's chisel or brush is at least as good evidence as the sworn word of a witness in a court of law, at any rate when the artist is as literal-minded as were the Egyptians." Needless to say, there were discrepancies in the portrayals, "partly accounted for by the changes in the subject between youth and old age, and partly by the deference due to Kings." Mrs. Brunton "averaged" so far as she thought it wise; then had recourse to the mummies again, taking the faces "back through the process of mummification." "Certain confirmations appeared of the artists' evidence," she adds; "these I accepted and retained, especially if they seemed to me to agree with the King's known character." So much for the "scaffolding": the picture of Sety I. was begun. "The costume was a simpler problem. One had only to consult the monuments and the jewel-room of the Museum, and to be careful to avoid howlers such as a dinner-party *parure* with a field-service helmet, and so on."

Rameses II. was the next "sitter"—and eminent archaeologists recognised the "restorations" of the Kings, notable amongst them that distinguished Egyptologist, Professor J. H. Breasted; and he it is who contributes the Foreword to "Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt," saying: "The portraiture which we historians attempt in words is achieved here by Mrs. Brunton in form and color. Her effort is to my mind fully as legitimate as ours. That such an effort is possible only in Egyptian history distinctly adds to the interest, and I may say also to the fascination. For only in Egypt have the actual flesh and blood faces of those who made her great past survived to us. . . . It may fairly be said that we have here in this remarkable series of Pharaonic portraits by Mrs. Brunton a new method of historical and biographical interpretation."

That, in truth, is high praise. Mr. Terence Gray, penning the Introduction, adds other commendation and comment. Considering the pictures less as works of art than as works of intellect, he notes: "The subject-matter of these pictures is history. They are historical portraits. Let it be stated with absolute finality the imaginative element in these studies begins exactly at the point at which history, as recorded on the monuments, ceases to supply sufficient information to enable a line to be completed. Otherwise they are as purely portraits as the work of any portrait-artist of to-day painting a living sitter. . . . They represent the personality of the subject conceived not from one, but from all surviving sources. . . . Ultimately we

must undoubtedly go to Egypt, there alone shall we find the principles underlying this art-endeavour in their perfection, but it is not necessary to go further than the Renaissance to find the general type of art to which this belongs. In the art of the Renaissance there was the same underlying principle: the vital and essential features of a human personality were seized and registered on canvas or in stone in the fullest and most intense manner in the

resembled her father, Thothmes I. . . . The mummy attributed to Thothmes III. is so badly knocked about and imperfect that it was next to useless as a basis for his portrait. But there is the very fine schist statue in the Cairo Museum, and hosts of others, all agreeing closely. . . . Of the portrait of Akhenaten I will say little except that it represents the King as he must have been towards the end of his reign. . . . Ty's whole face shows her to have been a woman of violent emotions, swayed by impulse, subject to moods, and her expressive mouth, moreover, is that of a jealous, imperious individual, lacking self-control. What a contrast is the high-bred self-repressed face of Nefertithi, eloquent of intelligence and forbearance." Mutnezent is in another category. Mrs. Brunton says of her "portrait": "Mutnezent is a quite obscure personage, frankly treated merely as a peg for decoration. The only historical value of the picture is as a representation of the crown, wig, and jewellery of the very end of the XVIIIth Dynasty, when fashions were changing, and the details have been carefully studied and can be depended upon. The face has been taken from a beautiful colossal limestone head, attributed, and I think correctly, to the reign of Horemheb. This head is so obviously a portrait that it has been thought to represent the Queen of Horemheb or some royal lady of the period, and a clever, cruel creature she was, if the sculptor is to be trusted. It is at least as likely that the portrait is that of Mutnezent as of anyone else."

So much for sources and for sitters about whom one is tempted to quote indefinitely—and, as to the sitters, it must be added that Mrs. Brunton is not content merely to name her portraits and leave the

rest to those knowledgeable in Egyptology. She has seen to it that the Kings and the Queens, their characteristics and their careers, their pride and their power, their build-ups and their razings, their force and their frailties, are pictured in words as well as in paint—by such excellent authorities as her husband and herself, H. E. Winlock, Margaret Murray, and T. E. Peet, to the last-named of whom we owe some peculiarly interesting details of Queen Ty, Queen Nefertete, Queen Mutnezent, and, above all, Akhenaten, who came to the throne as Amenhotep, in the orthodox state-worship of Amun, "changed his name to Akenaten, moved his capital to Tell el-Amarna, 250 miles further north, and substituted the worship of the Aten or Sun's Disk for that of the old state-god."

And, in addition to happenings and personalities, the reader will find many a point that is engrossing. Of Tetisheri, for example: "The bandages on which her name was written had been separated from her mummy. Recently they have been rediscovered in the Cairo Museum, and there, doubtless, lies her mummy unknown to the present generation. If one might make a guess," notes

Mr. Winlock, "there are many reasons for supposing that Tetisheri is the anonymous mummy 'B'—a little, old, white-haired, partly bald woman, whose scanty locks were eked out with false tresses."

Of Thothmes III., in the words of Professor Breasted: "His name was one to conjure with, and centuries after his empire had crumbled to pieces it was placed on amulets as a word of power."

And thus on and on concerning those of whose temples it may be written "Foxes play in its stately aisles and bats wheel round its sculptured columns."

Altogether: a bold experiment fortunately conceived and charmingly and thoroughly carried out. None will be content to borrow "Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt" and return it; it is a delight to the eye and to the mind's eye; essentially a book to keep, and to study and admire again and again. E. H. G.



RAMESSES II.: THE HEAD OF THE MUMMY, AT CAIRO—A "DOCUMENT" USED FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION- PORTRAIT BY MRS. GUY BRUNTON.

Reproduced from "Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt," by Courtesy of Mrs. Brunton, and of the Publishers, Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.

artist's power, so that not some passing mood nor fleeting impression was left, but a representation of an aspect of his very soul, the vital essence of the man himself, that which differentiated him basically from his fellow-man."

As to Mrs. Brunton, she is modesty itself, criticising her tasks in some detail. "Rameses II." was easier than "Sety I." "The only surprise, as I worked at it," she writes, "was the unexpected look of humour that developed; a quality one would hardly have suspected in Rameses II." The mummy of Rameses III. afforded clear information; "but, adds the artist, 'not all the portraits in this book are of equal historical value. In the case of Khafra I had only the famous diorite statue in Cairo and the exquisite fragment now in Copenhagen as reliable guides. . . . Amenemhat III's portrait was a fairly straightforward piece of work. It was only necessary to take all the authentic statues of this King, and, by eliminating the differences and retaining the similarities, it was possible to get a fairly definite result. . . . The picture of Queen Tetisheri ('little Teta') was suggested entirely by the delightful statuette in the British Museum. . . . Hatshepsut was another baffling person. Her portraits have been so heartily obliterated by Thothmes III. that it is hard to find one intact. But enough material remains to show that she strongly



RAMESSES II.: MRS. BRUNTON'S "DOCUMENTED" RECONSTRUCTION- PORTRAIT OF THE PHARAOH FORMERLY CALLED "RAMESSES THE GREAT."

Reproduced from "Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt," by Courtesy of Mrs. Brunton, and of the Publishers, Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.

* "Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt." Portraits (in colour) by Winifred Brunton. History by eminent Egyptologists. Foreword by Professor J. H. Breasted. (Hodder and Stoughton; £2 2s. net.)

QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT: MRS. BRUNTON'S "RECONSTRUCTIONS."

REPRODUCED FROM PORTRAITS BY WINIFRED BRUNTON ILLUSTRATING "KINGS AND QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT." BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON. (SEE REVIEW ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)



CONSIDERED THE LOVELIEST WOMAN OF ANTIQUITY: QUEEN NEFERTETE, WIFE OF AKHENATON, THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH, AND MOTHER-IN-LAW OF TUTANKHAMEN (ABOUT 1375 B.C.).



WIFE OF KING TA'O OF THEBES AND IN HER LATER DAYS A REVERED QUEEN-MOTHER: QUEEN TETISHERI (ABOUT 1640-1570 B.C.).



ONE OF THE GREAT WOMEN RULERS OF THE 18TH DYNASTY IN ANCIENT EGYPT: QUEEN HATSHEPSUT (ABOUT 1450 B.C.)



SHOWING THE CROWN, WIG, AND JEWELLERY AS WORN AT THE END OF THE 18TH DYNASTY: QUEEN MUTNEZEMT (ABOUT 1350 B.C.).

These remarkable portraits of ancient Egyptian Queens are by no means imaginary, but are rather in the nature of "reconstruction" work, duly "documented." In his preface to the book which they illustrate (with many others)—"Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt"—Professor J. H. Breasted says: "Only in Egypt have the actual flesh and blood faces of those who made her great past survived to us. . . . Mrs. Brunton bases her portraiture upon materials and sources, carefully studied.

There are first the actual bodies of the ancient Egyptian sovereigns, which enable us to look into their very faces and study their features. . . . Besides these capital sources there are others of great value: the surviving ancient portraits of the Pharaohs, both in the round and in painted reliefs on tomb and temple walls." The ancient bust on which the portrait of Queen Nefertete is based was illustrated in colour in our issue of December 13, 1924.

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child."

We continue here, as promised, the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical scenes, by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for last year. The subjects of the first four colour-plates therein given were the Expulsion from Eden, the Flood, the Doom of Lot's Wife, and the Death of Samson. The above picture forms the fifth of the set, and others will follow in future issues.

NEW YEAR HONOURS; AND OTHER PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., BASSANO, TOPICAL, BARRATT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, KEYSTONE, MANUEL, VANDYK, LAFAYETTE, AND BASSANO.
 PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARGHERITA, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EVA BARRETT OF A PAINTING BY CORCOS.



A DISTINGUISHED JOURNALIST: THE LATE MR. G. H. MAIR, C.M.G.



A NEW BARONET: SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE, M.P.



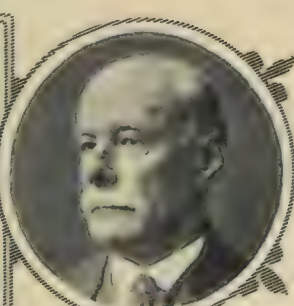
A NEW BARONET: SIR ROBERT JONES, THE WELL-KNOWN SURGEON.



A NEW BARONET: SIR SIDNEY H. BYASS, HIGH SHERIFF OF GLAMORGAN



A NEW BARONET: SIR W. BUTLER, OF BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.



A NEW BARONET: SIR H. GIBSON, OF THE LAW SOCIETY.



A DISTINGUISHED WOMAN SURGEON: THE LATE DAME LOUISA ALDRICH-BLAKE.



THE DEATH OF THE ITALIAN QUEEN-MOTHER: THE LATE QUEEN MARGHERITA, WIDOW OF KING HUMBERT AND MOTHER OF KING VICTOR.



AN EMINENT BOTANIST: THE LATE REV. GEORGE HENSLAW.



THE NEW MILITARY DICTATOR OF GREECE: GENERAL PANGALOS.



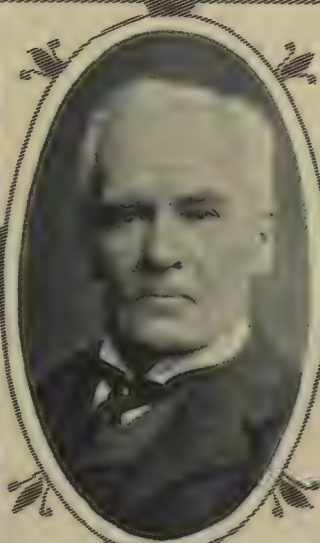
MURDERED NEAR PEKING: THE LATE GENERAL HSU SHU-TSENG, KNOWN AS "LITTLE HSU."



A NEW BARON: SIR ERNEST POLLOCK, BT., MASTER OF THE ROLLS.



A NEW BARON OF THE UNITED KINGDOM: LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE.



A NEW BARONET: SIR HENRY CRAIK, M.P.



A NEW BARONET: SIR EDMUND TURTON, M.P.



LONG EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH": THE LATE SIR JOHN LE SAGE.

During the War Mr. G. H. Mair became Assistant Secretary of the Ministry of Information.—The New Year's Honours List included two baronies of the United Kingdom (Lord Oranmore and Browne, already an Irish Peer, and Sir Ernest Pollock, Master of the Rolls), seven baronetcies, and fifty-five knighthoods. Sir C. Kinloch-Cooke founded the Central Emigration Board. Sir Robert Jones is President of the Association of Surgeons. Sir Sidney Byass is High Sheriff of Glamorgan. Sir William Butler is on the Council of Birmingham University. Sir Herbert Gibson is President of the Law Society. Sir Henry Craik has been Secretary of the Scottish Education Department. Sir Edmund Turton is Chairman of the North Riding Quarter Sessions.—Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake was Dean

of the London School of Medicine for Women and Senior Surgeon of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital.—General Pangalos, Premier of Greece, announced on January 3 that he would assume the entire responsibility for the government.—Queen Margherita of Italy, who was seventy-one, was only sixteen when she married her cousin, Prince (afterwards King) Humbert, who was assassinated in 1900.—The Rev. George Henslow was for many years honorary Professor of Botany to the Royal Horticultural Society.—General Hsu Shu-Tseng (called "Little Hsu," to distinguish him from Hsu Shih-Chang) visited London in 1924.—Sir John Le Sage was on the staff of the "Daily Telegraph" for sixty years. He was knighted in 1918 and retired from the post of Managing Editor in 1923.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, THE "TIMES," AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



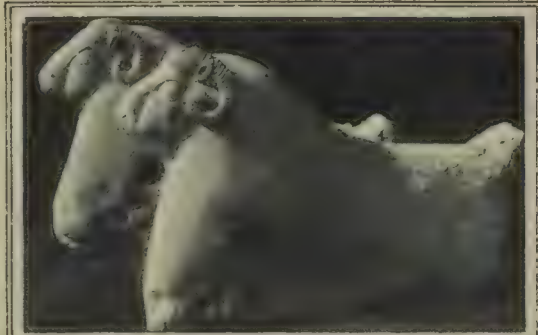
RECENTLY CONQUERED BY A CAPETOWN CLIMBER: AFRICA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, KILIMANJARO — A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR A NEW GERMAN FILM OF AN EXPEDITION IN THAT REGION.



THE GODREVY LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER RELIEVED AFTER A LONELY VIGIL OF EIGHT DAYS: WILLIAM LEWIS BEING TRANSFERRED BY LIFE-LINE TO A MOTOR-BOAT FROM ST. IVES.



THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH OF THE SEASON, AND THE FIRST SCOTTISH VICTORY ON FRENCH SOIL FOR SIX YEARS: SCOTLAND V. FRANCE AT THE STADE OLYMPIQUE DE COLOMBES, NEAR PARIS—ONE OF THE FRENCH PLAYERS (IN WHITE JERSEYS) KICKING CLEAR.



ONE OF THE NEW DISCOVERIES AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, IN MESOPOTAMIA: TWO FIGURES OF RAMS CARVED IN WHITE GYPSUM.



HAIR-WAVING IN 2250 B.C.: A WHITE MARBLE HEAD OF THE MOON GODDESS FOUND AT UR—THE EYES INLAID WITH SHELL AND LAPIS-LAZULI.



CAPETOWN'S TRIBUTE TO THE COMMANDER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN BRIGADE IN THE WAR: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. T. LUKIN.



THE ISLAND FUNERAL OF THE LATE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ARGYLL: THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE PIER AT IONA FOR THE CATHEDRAL.

Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, has lately been the scene of a film picture taken by a German firm and illustrating an expedition there. It was reported from Capetown on Christmas Eve that the summit had just been reached by Mr. G. Londt, a noted Capetown climber. He found records of two Germans who in February 1914 had reached the then highest point. Mr. C. Gillman, reached the crater in 1921, but the summit is said to be 600 ft. higher.—The Godrevy Lighthouse off the Cornish coast, was in charge of a single keeper, William Lewis, for eight days from Christmas Day, when his companion had been taken ashore suffering from pneumonia. Lewis was at length relieved on

January 2. The relieving keeper, after a long wait, had succeeded in jumping on to the rocks from the smaller boat.—Scotland beat France at "Rugger," on January 2, at Colombes, by 20 points to 6.—New discoveries at Ur were recently described by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, director of the excavations.—The funeral of General Lukin is described as the greatest ever seen at Capetown.—The late Duchess of Argyll was buried in Iona Cathedral on December 30 in a tomb specially designed for her. It was the first burial there for many centuries. Dr. Norman Maclean, of Edinburgh, who officiated, is seen in our photograph with the Rev. A. Macmillan (in top hat), the parish minister.

FLOODS IN ENGLAND: THE SWOLLEN AVON, SEVERN, THAMES, AND NENE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., ALLAN PHILLIP, THE "TIMES," AND C.N.



VENETIAN SCENES AT BATH: VISITING BY BOAT IN A "CANALISED" STREET.



LOST—A RIVER! THE SEVERN GROWN INTO A "SEA" DURING THE RECENT FLOODS—AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF SHREWSBURY.



"FAREWELL, SWEET MAGDALEN WALKS IN OXFORD!" A RECENT VIEW OF THE FLOODED MEADOWS NEAR MAGDALEN, LOOKING ACROSS TO THE COLLEGE FROM ADDISON'S WALK.



THE RACE-COURSE AT PITCHCROFT, NEAR WORCESTER, COVERED WITH WATER: ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE FLOODS CAUSED IN THAT DISTRICT BY THE RISING OF THE SEVERN.



WHERE THE RIVER NENE SWELLED TO EXTRAORDINARY DIMENSIONS: THE FLOODS AT NORTHAMPTON.

In all parts of this country, as well as on the Continent, extensive floods were caused by the recent heavy rains, and the rise in temperature which quickly melted the snow on the hills. During the week-end January 2-4, the floods in the Thames Valley increased considerably, though the river was still below the maximum levels reached last January. At Oxford in particular the rise was very rapid; the water brought down by the Cherwell flooded the land adjoining both

rivers to a depth of several inches, and below Oxford the towpath to Iffley and beyond was submerged. The Vale of Evesham was flooded by the Avon, and the Severn also overflowed its banks at many points. The country round Worcester was under water for miles, and at Shrewsbury the river presented the aspect of a sea. In Northamptonshire the floods were the worst known for thirty years, and the Nene Valley from Northampton to Peterborough resembled a lake.

"RING OUT THE OLD; RING IN THE NEW": A RAIN OF BALLOONS AT THE "HAPPY-NEW-YEAR" BALL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



THE CLIMAX OF THE GREAT BALL ORGANISED BY "THE BIG SIX" FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE: TOY BALLOONS RELEASED FROM "BASKETS" SLUNG ALOFT DESCENDING IN SHOWERS ON THE DANCERS AT MIDNIGHT.

The great "Happy-New-Year" Ball, held at the Royal Albert Hall on December 31, in aid of the British Empire Service League and the Middlesex Hospital, proved an enormous success, and some five thousand people were present. The setting was an Italian scene with a tall tower, amid trees and arbours, built at one end of the hall and hiding the organ. At the hour of midnight, carillon bells in the tower rang the Old Year out, and girls in Italian dresses appeared in the arbours. At the same time a woman's figure representing the Spirit of Night passed slowly down a stairway to the dance floor, and a shower

of toy balloons, released from "baskets" slung from the ceiling, descended on the heads of the dancers. The ball was organised by the "Big Six" illustrated weekly newspapers—namely, the "Illustrated London News," the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," the "Sketch," the "Sphere," the "Tatler," and "Eve." At intervals round the hall were large pictures representing these papers and forming points of rendezvous for the dancers. One of the "Sketch" may be seen on the left in the above drawing.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

HALF HOLLAND UNDER FLOOD WATER: A NATIONAL DISASTER.

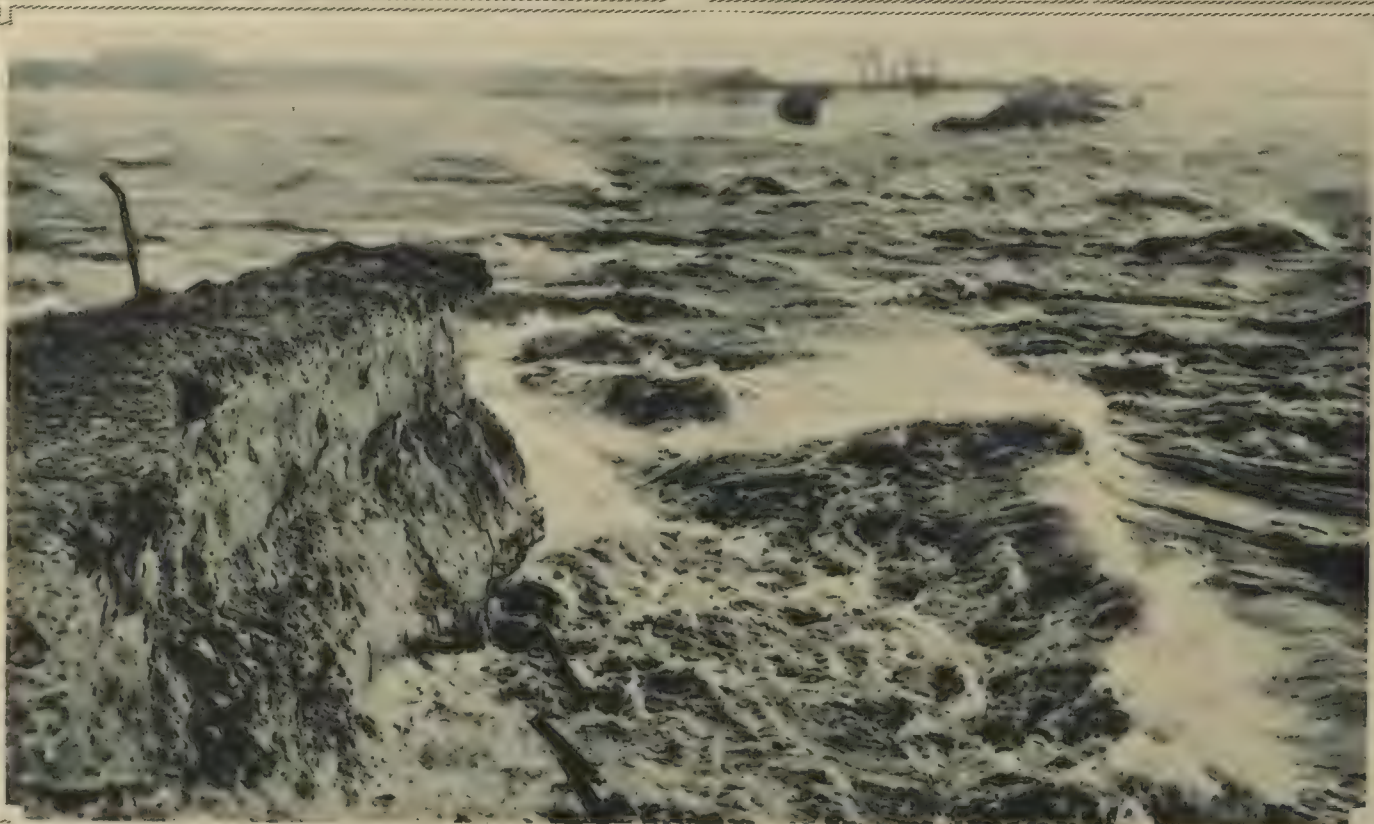
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., AERO LLOYD (SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO.), AND C.N.



WHERE NUMEROUS CRAFT WERE USED TO REMOVE UNWILLING INHABITANTS FROM THEIR NEARLY SUBMERGED HOMES: LAUNCHING A BOAT IN SOUTH HOLLAND, AT GRAVE.



EMULATING NOAH! A DUTCH FARMER REMOVING HIS STOCK BY BOAT—EMBARKING A RELUCTANT PIG, HAULED ABOARD BY A CHAIN.



WHERE THE EMBANKMENT WAS BREACHED FOR A DISTANCE OF TWO HUNDRED YARDS: RAGING FLOOD WATER FLOWING THROUGH A GAP IN ONE OF THE TWO MAIN DYKES OF THE RIVER MAAS (MEUSE), WHICH RECENTLY COLLAPSED, NEAR GRAVE, CAUSING A HUGE INUNDATION THAT FLOODED SEVERAL VILLAGES AND DROWNED NUMBERS OF CATTLE.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FLOOD: TYPICAL DUTCH LANDSCAPE, WITH CANALS AND DYKES, AS IT APPEARS IN NORMAL TIMES—AN AIR VIEW NEAR ROTTERDAM.



AS IT APPEARS DURING THE FLOODS: A DUTCH LANDSCAPE SHOWING PART OF THE VILLAGE OF MOOK, IN LIMBURG, SOUTH HOLLAND, WHERE THE MAROONED INHABITANTS LIVED IN TOP ROOMS.

Not for many years have floods been so widespread in Europe as during recent weeks, but Holland has been the worst sufferer as regards the extent of the inundations. It was reported on January 5 that half the country was under water. On Christmas Eve one of the main dykes on the river Maas gave way, and another collapsed a few days later. The central photograph above, taken near Grave, shows the devastating effect of one of these dyke-bursts, with the raging flood overwhelming the district. The villages of Overasselt, Nederasselt,

and Balgoy were completely inundated, and many cattle were drowned. Naval craft and boats of all kinds went about the flooded country to remove people from houses which were nearly submerged and in danger of collapse, but the rescuers had great difficulty in persuading the inhabitants to leave their homes, for they believed the flood would not rise any higher and preferred to stay and take their chance. Some 1100 Marines with boats were distributed over the area near Nijmegen, but they were insufficient to cope with the emergency.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AMONG THE GREAT FLOODS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND NEDERLANDSCH FOTO BUREAU.



QUEEN WILHELMINA (ON GANGWAY) WITH PRINCE HENRY (NEXT TO LEFT), HEARS A PETITION FROM A MAN (WADING, ON RIGHT) SENTENCED FOR MANSLAUGHTER: AN INCIDENT OF HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO VENLOO—(INSET ABOVE) THE QUEEN BEING CARRIED TO A BOAT BY MARINES AT THE SAME VILLAGE.



QUEEN WILHELMINA ON HER TOUR OF INSPECTION AND RELIEF IN THE FLOODED DISTRICTS OF HOLLAND: HER MAJESTY IN A BOAT BESIDE HER CONSORT, PRINCE HENRY, WITH THE BURGOMASTER OF VENLOO (ON LEFT, IN BOWLER HAT), WHILE A SAILOR (IN THE WATER) PULLS THE BOAT ROUND AN AWKWARD CORNER.

Queen Wilhelmina, accompanied by her Consort, Prince Henry, visited the worst area of the floods in Holland on January 3 and succeeding days, to carry relief to sufferers and encourage them by her presence, as well as to help in persuading the inhabitants of houses in danger of collapse to leave their homes in time. Many were reluctant to go. The royal couple went about in Naval rowing boats, and at one village—Balgoy—the sailors carried them ashore to an island round the church, where hundreds of cattle, some dying, had been collected. As

the pastor was ill, permission for the cattle to be driven into the church was obtained from the Queen. At Venloo also she was carried to her boat by two Marines. While she was there, a man suddenly jumped into the water and waded out towards her to make a petition. He told her that he had been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for killing a tramp who broke into his shop, and that if he went to prison his wife and children would starve. The Queen listened and promised to consult the Burgomaster.

FLOODS IN TWO CONTINENTS: SCENES IN EUROPE AND MALAYA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," BEEKEN (BRUSSELS), MATTHAUS (COLOGNE), AND C.N.



DURING THE GREAT FLOODS IN HUNGARY, SAID TO HAVE CAUSED 100 DEATHS: PEASANTS AT VESZTO TAKING PEOPLE OFF IN A BOAT THROUGH THE ROOF OF A HALF-SUBMERGED COTTAGE.



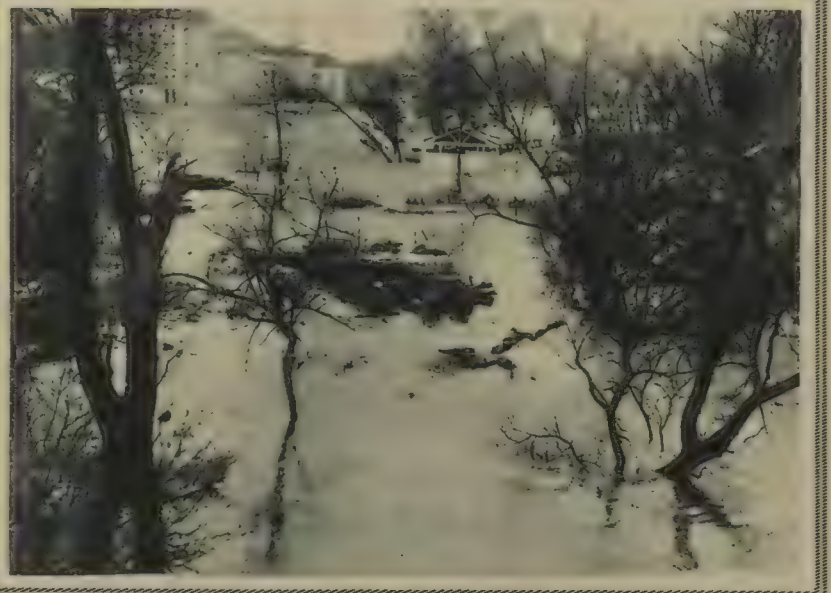
IN ASIA, WHERE FLOODS ARE OFTEN MORE DISASTROUS THAN IN EUROPE: THE CLUB GROUNDS AT KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA, LAST NOVEMBER, WITH MEN UP TO THEIR NECKS IN WATER.



WHERE INHABITANTS SHORT OF FOOD HUNG AT THEIR WINDOWS WHITE SHEETS OR CLOTHS (SEEN AS SMALL WHITE SPOTS ON SOME HOUSES ON THE RIGHT): LIÈGE AND THE SWOLLEN MEUSE, WHICH FLOODED PARTS OF BELGIUM AND NEARLY HALF OF HOLLAND (WHERE IT IS CALLED THE MAAS).



THE FLOODED RHINE AT COLOGNE: THE RIVER OVERFLOWING THE EMBANKMENT AND ADJOINING ROADWAY (SHOWING THE TWO SPIRES OF THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND).



THE FLOODED SEINE IN PARIS: AN ISLAND NEAR THE BANK OF THE RIVER COMPLETELY UNDER WATER—SHOWING, ON THE RIGHT, A SALVAGE STATION (INSCRIBED "SAUVETAGE").

Many parts of Europe have been flooded during recent weeks, through the heavy rains, and the rise of great rivers such as the Seine, the Meuse, the Rhine, the Danube, and, in south-eastern Hungary, the three branches of the Koros. Holland (illustrated elsewhere) and Hungary have so far been the worst sufferers. The Meuse (which continues through Holland as the Maas) flooded Liège and Namur, and also threatened the neighbourhood of Brussels. At Liège some people in streets cut off by the water hung out of window white sheets or cloths as a sign that they were short of food, but at the time our photograph was taken

the current was so strong that no boat could reach the houses seen (in the right background) flying such signals. In Hungary the warm weather caused a premature break-up of the ice on the rivers and the melting of mountain snows. The consequent floods are said to have caused 100 deaths in one district, and damage to property of £250,000. About 113,000 acres were under water, houses were destroyed, and railway communication was interrupted. Far worse floods than anything known in Europe often occur in Asia, and we illustrate one at Kuala Lumpur, in Malaya, last November.

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The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE OUTLOOK HOPEFUL.

AS I write, the Old Year is ringing out, and, looking backward, I feel in optimistic mood, despite the croakers who would convince me that the theatre of this country is going to the dogs—or worse. We are, of course, ever so far from the ideal, and I hope that we may never reach it and clasp our hands in beatitude. The very ravens around us are our best friends, for their cries of woe stimulate defence and thereby progress; also introspection; and, in sum, when all is duly weighed and sifted, the conscientious admission is that we are progressing. Our acting is better than ever. It is second to none in Europe, take my word for it; and if the men still excel, not a week passes without strengthening our belief that in the near future the balance will be even. I could name some twenty women—some of them girls in their 'teens—who, at our regular theatres and in the Sunday Societies, have revealed promise and the ability to grapple with a "chance" when vouchsafed to them. Our plays, especially those of the newcomers, from Coward to the Irishman Casey, are growing in intellectual force. Artifice is giving way to logic; form is striving for independence; life is beheld from many unconventional angles—the Censor permitting... but that is another story. The classics have one permanent flourishing home in London, with a second—Sadler's Wells—on the horizon; and it is indeed an auspicious sign when an actress like Miss Sybil Thorndike boldly invests the Empire with Shakespeare, and Shaw has drawn the

of the theatre overwhelm the progressive drift. Our theatre is bound to remain a plaything of speculation; it must look for "best sellers" to pay its way. Our reliance on the future depends not on the average manager—nor does it in any other capital in Europe—

Twenty years or so ago, whose plays were ever printed and read? Shaw, Pinero, Jones—and then, except in the case of Shaw, it took a long time to liquidate the stock. We have changed all that. Not a week passes without a volume of plays leaving the presses.

The great house of Benn looses them forth in batches; old favourites are banded in twos and threes, and they are bought, and read, as eagerly as novels. Watch the programme girls when a new play that matters is on trial and on sale in the house: it goes like hot cakes, for at last the public has learned the gentle art of reading the novels in dialogue—for what are plays but that?

In one respect we are particularly behind the other great countries of Europe. Paris has its well-informed daily *Comœdia*; Berlin, Vienna, and the rest have their authoritative theatrical reviews. We have only two excellent trade papers and a pretty pictorial; but the drama of England is nowhere penetratingly discussed in a review worthy of a great art. We are not kept abreast of the times and its march

all the world over. Unless we spot an occasional article in a Sunday paper or the *Daily Telegraph*, or are familiar with foreign tongues, we are groping in the dark. The great universal current rushes past us, but we know it not. Here, then, is a great chance for a young man or woman with money to spend. It will be an uphill task, but what a glorious one—the creation of a review entitled *The English Theatre*! May its coming be one of the New Year wishes realised by 1926, a year that heralds well!

For the young generation is advancing; the older one is once more on the move. Pinero and Jones are



"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"—AN ADMIRABLE SHAW REVIVAL AT THE REGENT THEATRE: (L. TO R.) ANDROCLES (MR. ESME PERCY), MEGÆRA (MISS BESSIE RIGNOLD), AND THE LION (MR. EDWARD SILLWARD).

Photograph by G.P.U.

but on the select few of those who, as it were, defy the cheap taste of the public and dare to launch out even at the risk of losing. Commend me to Frederick Harrison, to Captain Harwood, to Barry Jackson, to Sybil Thorndike (already named), Lewis Casson, and a few others—a small list yet, but one that is growing.

The National Theatre is still in the realm of *pia vota*; its time has not come yet. We have an opera to put on its legs, and, sad but true, the love for the opera in the public mind outstrips the affection for the theatre. Our public cherishes the theatre for its players, not for its plays. The St. James's makes that fact stand out as plain as a pikestaff. But if the National Theatre, that temple where Thalia will be the divinity, not Mercury, is yet a thought and a wish and nothing more, there is a movement in the Metropolis which on a small scale fulfils the mission of an endowed theatre. I refer to the splendid pioneering work of the theatrical societies, which open their gates to the newcomer at home as well as to the foreigner; and more particularly to the efforts at Barnes, at "Q," and at Hammersmith's Lyric. This summing-up of mine is not a catalogue, so I will merely ask my reader to apply his memory to the last twelve months and remember the plays that have seen the light on Sunday evenings or at the suburban theatres named, and in many instances have paved the way for a career in the West End. And that is not all. In the queerest, farthest corners of London, dramatic life springs up, as if by magnetic touch. The Century, where Lena Ashwell rules and ordains a repertory as rich as any in the realm, has already become an institution. It is forming actors as well as giving outlet to plays that are not necessarily commercial.

In Covent Garden, in Bloomsbury halls, at colleges, theatrical "salons"—as I would call them—come into being without much flourish of trumpets, but with such enthusiastic helpmates and such *raffiné* acumen of selection that each of them steadily recruits a clientèle growing by leaps and bounds. And where there are no sinews to produce plays, the reading of them *à tour de rôle*, a thing unheard of twenty years ago, has become the fashion. The students of colleges do it; the debating societies cultivate it; the work-a-day men and women revel in it.

Hence another miracle—at any rate from a retrospective point of view. Play-publishing is no longer a sterile enterprise; it has become a fruitful vine.



A LEADING GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERA SINGER AS A PRINCIPAL BOY IN PANTOMIME: MISS HELEN GILLILAND AS DICK WHITTINGTON (WITH HIS CAT) AT THE LYCEUM.—[Photograph by C.N.]

classes and the masses for months to the Regent. True, there is an ominous spot on the firmament: the coming sway of Americans at many theatres. But we need not "paint the devil on the wall": American management does not necessarily mean a flood of American plays. As far as repertory is concerned, our cousins are much more catholic than we are, especially in their policy of importations. In cosmopolitan knowledge New York is far ahead of London. There the Tchekhovs and the Pirandellos—to name but two—were household words when we became acquainted with them as interesting novices. If the Shuberts will only remember that London is now the capital of the artistic world, accessible to all kinds of plays provided that the public is gently coerced to patronise them (and that is a matter of performance and *réclame*), their coming may be a blessing in disguise. Let us pray for it!

In general, Arnold's immortal phrase, "Organise the theatre," still prevails. But we shall never be able to do that so long as the economic conditions



A FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL STAR AS A PRINCIPAL BOY: MISS CLARICE MAYNE AS PRINCE CHARMING IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

Photograph by I.B.

breaking their silence; Shaw, we are told, has a *magnum opus* in his drawer. Withal I see stars in the firmament and (believe me) I have not yet touched the New Year's cup of auld lang syne!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THERE was plenty of variety about Christmas and New Year weeks as far as weather was concerned. Many letters reached those who had stayed in town from those who had gone to the country congratulating those in town because they did have theatres and other things to vary the monotony of bridge, dancing, and games with always the same people. It would, indeed, be hard to say whether town or country in a continuous downpour of rain, and a mild and muggy feeling in the air, is the more depressing. After all, it depends on the individual. Motor-cars have made the country much less monotonous, and in town amusements are varied and

our cousin country. The Duke will be eighteen on May 30. He is a charming lad, with the delightful manners of an English schoolboy. Being a Roman Catholic, he was not at Eton or Harrow, but has been well and carefully educated, and is a very natural and high-spirited lad. In America the long history of his title will be of great interest, since the first Duke and Earl Marshal of England was so created in 1483, since when up to modern times the story of the Dukes of Norfolk reads like a romance. Lady Rachel Howard has none of the characteristics of the modern girl, and none of the type's casual, boyish manner. She is dark-eyed and dark-haired, with a

whose family party also included Lord Alfred Douglas, Lady Edith Pitt-Rivers, her only daughter, and her grand-daughter, Lady Dorothy, and her husband, who are home from Jamaica. Sybil Lady Queensberry, who is a grand-daughter of Sir Henry Conyngham Montgomery, of the Hall, County Donegal, wears her years very gallantly.

Great sympathy was felt with Sir John Gilmour, Secretary of State for Scotland, in the loss of his only surviving brother, Captain Harry Gilmour, who died during the recent holiday time after an illness of close upon two months. The brothers both served



JACK HYLTON DOES SOME IMPROMPTU CONDUCTING AT THE "HAPPY-NEW-YEAR" BALL: "SKETCH" GIRLS, "TATLER" BOYS, MEMBERS OF THE "MERCENARY MARY" CAST, AND FRIENDS AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Young 1926 was welcomed in with due ceremony at the Albert Hall, for after the Carillon of bells had been rung, the principals and chorus of "No No Nanette" sang "I want to be happy." The "Mercenary Mary" company were to have joined in the "super-cabaret," but, owing to the press of the dancers, were unable to do so. As the ball was organised by the "Big Six" illustrated newspapers, it was only natural that "Miss Sketch" and representatives of the other papers should be there. Our photograph shows some of the charming girls who wore these very "chic" costumes. The dance was one of the most successful ever held at the Albert Hall.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

easily attainable; so it is just as one feels. There were numerous country-house parties which were doubtless as cheery and pleasant as ever. It is a form of hospitality for which our country has a well-deserved reputation, largely owing to the fact that the hosts and hostesses have their talent for entertaining in that way hereditarily and because they know how to mix their friends. Many Americans in earlier days would say that they had been able to enter London society, but not the country-house circles. It is not so now; there are very few parties without a Transatlantic guest or two, whose presence is a salt of excellent savour. Families make up most of the guests, as in the cases of those at Chatsworth, Welbeck, Bowhill, Floors, Wynyard, Hatfield, and innumerable others; but a little infusion of friends is invariably appreciated by relatives. Sports have gone on, shooting and hunting—no amount of rain would keep Britishers from these.

The late Dowager Duchess of Argyll was a M'Neill of Colonsay, and chose to be buried on the island of Iona, a few hours' journey by steamer from Oban, probably longer in such stormy weather as we were having at that time. The late Duchess was little in the public eye for the last twenty years. The Duke lived for only five years after his marriage to her. She was Extra Woman of the Bedchamber and private secretary to Queen Victoria, who, it was believed, was not pleased about the wedding. The late Duchess was a clever woman and a quiet one, caring nothing for society and having Queen Victoria as an example of the kind of life for a widow. Her brother, the late Sir John M'Neill, and she were devotedly attached to each other, and his tragic death dealt her a blow from which she never quite recovered. Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll treated her always with the greatest consideration.

The young Duke of Norfolk and Lady Rachel Howard are about to travel and sail this month for America. They will be found an interesting pair in

thoughtful face, rather stern in repose. Her smile is, however, delightful, and she is not illiberal with it. Her manners, as is so often the case with those brought up among courteous Catholic ecclesiastics, are of the best. It will be interesting to read of the impression our premier Duke and his sister will make in America. It would be more interesting to know what impression that great continent and its very wealthy people make on them.



ROYALTY AT THE "HAPPY-NEW-YEAR" BALL ORGANISED BY THE "BIG SIX" ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS: H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AND H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT IN THEIR BOX; WITH LADY CHURSTON (LEFT). The "Happy-New-Year" Ball at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital and the British Empire Service League, was one of the most brilliant functions ever held there, and brought in 1926 with great gaiety. It was organised by the "Big Six" illustrated weekly newspapers—"The Illustrated London News," the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," the "Sphere," the "Sketch," the "Tatler," and "Eve"—and was attended by royalty, as Prince Arthur of Connaught, the President of the Ball, and Princess Arthur, who was chairman of the Ball Committee, were both present.

Photograph by G.P.U.

The Marquess of Queensberry and his daughter, Lady Patricia Sybil Douglas, spent Christmas with his grandmother, Sybil Marchioness of Queensberry,

in South Africa, where Captain Harry was so severely wounded that he was afterward heavily handicapped. To his mother, Henrietta Lady Gilmour, with whom he has lived since his father's death in 1920, the loss is terribly hard. She was also a Gilmour, of Quebec, Canada, and has lived in Scotland since her marriage in 1873. In earlier days she was a successful deer-stalker and angler, and took part with her husband and boys in the sports of the Highlands, where the late Sir John always had a lodge for the autumn. Two sons died in childhood, another of wounds received in the late war, in which the Secretary of State for Scotland was wounded. Captain Harry Gilmour, although unfit for soldiering owing to his wound, gave valuable service at home, for he was a very loyal and patriotic gentleman of whom that word can be used in its best sense. His elder sister is the wife of the Hon. James Younger, D.S.O., eldest son of Viscount Younger of Leckie. His younger sister is the wife of Major Robert Purvis, of Gilmerton, Fife. Henrietta Lady Gilmour, herself far from well, insisted on being with her son until the end.

It has been a matter for general congratulation that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was able to spend his sixtieth birthday, convalescing after his attack of pneumonia, which at one time caused his relatives, friends, and admirers much anxiety. Mrs. Kipling and he were frequent guests of the Prime Minister, whose cousin Mr. Kipling is, at "at Homes" given by Mrs. Baldwin, also at dinners and other more private entertainments. They are, however, very quiet people who have no liking for publicity. Mr. Kipling's only surviving child told me just before her marriage that she was by no means familiar with her father's books; she thought it was better for him that she should read and discuss other things with him. Possibly since her marriage she has given herself the treat of reading her father's works. She is a devoted daughter, and every chapter will have made her prouder of our most Imperialistic author and poet.—A. E. L.

BELLES OF ST. CLEMENT'S! GIRL RINGERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



SHORTLY TO ATTEMPT THE FULL PEAL OF STEDMAN CATERS (5148 STRIKES), A FEAT THAT INVOLVES $3\frac{1}{2}$ HOURS CONTINUOUS RINGING: MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' GUILD OF CHANGE RINGERS AT ST. CLEMENT DANES.

Bell-ringing was taken up widely during the war by women, who acted as substitutes for men who were serving, but women had already engaged in this pursuit. The Ladies' Guild of Change Ringers, which now has nearly 500 members, was established in 1912. Some of them rang in the New Year on the bells of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. Recently they accomplished there a quarter peal of Stedman Caters (1287 strikes), ringing continuously for 49 minutes, and on January 20 they will attempt the full peal of 5148 strikes,

ringing continuously for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. "Stedman Caters" is a system of change-ringing named from Stedman of Cambridge, a seventeenth-century campanologist; the word "caters" is derived from the French *quatre* (four). The complicated ringing involves accurate memorising, skill, and concentration, besides physical endurance. The tenor bell, the heaviest, weighing 24 cwt., is rung by a girl of nineteen (extreme right). In the left background is the mechanical apparatus used for chimes.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

Fashions & Fancies

Hats for the Riviera.

Already the Blue Train officials are overwhelmed with bookings for the Riviera, and the famous train is filled to overflowing on every journey. The newest hats created for these fortunate travellers are wider than last year, with brims turned down in front and sharply up at the back to emphasise the line of the shingled head. They are expressed in bangkok and fancy woven straws of all kinds, simply trimmed with pipings and cockades of velvet or petersham. As for the colours, "raisin" shades are very fashionable, rivalled by lettuce-green and variations of scarlet. Many of these new

Illustrating the latest fashion of the turned-down brim in front is this brown bangkok hat for the Riviera, from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.

models are already to be seen at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., where they are even obtainable at reduced prices during the present sale, including the attractive quartette pictured here. The jade crinoline hat and the petunia velour with the folded crown on the right are each reduced to 59s. 6d.; and the mauve woven straw trimmed with a velvet cockade and the brown bangkok on the left are each 3 guineas. It is almost superfluous to add that small felts still reign triumphant for all sports and with tailored suits. The latest variations, with high crowns and turned-down brims, can be secured for 29s. 6d. in these salons.

The "Three-Piece" Rules Again.

The three-piece ensemble will again predominate in the spring fashions, and at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. (coat and skirt department), may be seen many fascinating models for the Riviera. As the one pictured below shows, the coat has grown short in many instances, and pleating is used to combine fulness with the straight silhouette. It is carried out in very fine repp in a soft lettuce-green, cleverly pleated to

form an intricate pattern. Also very much in vogue will be the jumper suit, and those sketched here are built of "Valcash," the latest French material. The stripes are embroidered on in harmonious colours, and the suits themselves are obtainable in many pastel shades. There are many variations, and it is a pleasant fact that they are by no means expensive — rather the reverse.

Remnant Day, Jan. 15.

For six days only, commencing on Monday next, is the sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., and everyone should apply without delay for an illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free. 150 frocks of French cotton georgette and voile, prettily beaded, are to be cleared at 50s. each, instead of 5 and 6 guineas; while oddments in afternoon and coat frocks are at 40s. Fur coats worth 30 guineas are offered at 10 guineas, and stone marten choker ties can be secured for 3 guineas. Cosy dressing-gowns of ripple cloth faced with quilted Jap silk are 15s. 9d. instead of 29s. 6d., and many dressing-jackets in satin broché, velvet, flannel, and Shetland wool are to be cleared at 5s. each.

Genuine Reductions.

The January sale at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., begins on Monday next and lasts for two weeks, during which time can be secured many bargains in every department. It is impossible to give details, as the conditions under which this clearance sale is conducted do not permit of a sale catalogue being prepared. Everyone should make a point, therefore, of paying an early visit and securing for themselves bargains for the whole family.

Bargains in Liberty Fabrics.

No catalogue is issued in connection with the sale at Liberty's, Regent Street, W., which is now in progress, so a personal visit is imperative. A quantity of odd lengths of dress and furnishing fabrics is being offered at clearance prices. Cretonne (75,000 yards), thirty-one inches wide, in Liberty designs and colours, is being sold at 1s. 3d. a yard—half the original price; and dress-lengths of floral voiles, lawns, and crêpes are 6s. each. Model evening gowns are offered at less than half-price, and dance frocks in Liberty fabrics can be secured from 4½ guineas.

25 per Cent. Reduction during January.

Full advantage should be taken of the fact that throughout this month everything at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. (salons on the first floor) shows a 25 per cent. reduction in price. Coney coats, thirty inches long, with skunk collars, are available for 16 guineas, and full-length ones for 18 guineas; while sable marmot coats, originally 38 guineas, are obtainable for 32 guineas. Then cub bear ties can be secured for 4½ guineas, and stone marten opossum ties for 5½ guineas; while remodelling and renovations are carried out at reduced charges during the sale.

A Sale of Note.

The sale of H. J. Nicoll and Co., of 114, Regent Street, W., is now in progress, and no time should be lost before inspecting the attractive collection of tailor-made coats, frocks, two-piece suits, afternoon and evening gowns, tweed top-coats, fur-trimmed velour town coats, fur coats, riding habits, and winter sports suits — all heavily reduced. The men's department includes overcoats and suits of every kind, which can be bought at very advantageous prices. Also there is a wide range of materials which will be tailored to order in any of the Nicoll models at prices showing a 30 to 40 per cent. reduction. An illustrated catalogue will be sent free on request.

Waterproof Coats and Mackintoshes.

Everyone should make a point of visiting Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, during their present sale, for there are many bargains obtainable in their well-known coats and mackintoshes. Various coats for town and country are grouped at 79s. 6d., 59s. 6d., and 39s. 6d., while mackintoshes can be secured for £1 1s. Silk ones have been reduced to 2½ guineas, and cashmere waterproofs are 48s. 6d. during the sale.

A Calendar on Request.

Once again M. Emile, the well-known coiffeur of 24, Conduit Street, W., has produced charming little purse-calendars for 1926, which will be sent gratis and post free to all readers who apply mentioning the name of this paper. They are always useful accessories, and advantage should be taken of this offer.

Three of the season's newest models destined for the Riviera. On the left is a three-piece ensemble in lettuce-green repp, plain and pleated; and the two jumper suits are fashioned of "Valcash" embroidered in varying stripes. Sketched in the coat and skirt department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.



A trio of lovely hats for the Côte d'Azur to be seen at Woollands. On the left is a shady affair of mauve woven straw trimmed with velvet; next a jade crinoline bound with velvet; and below a petunia velour introducing the fashionable new high crown.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE world of music has been comparatively silent recently, except for the activities of choirs and choral societies, who have been singing carols all over the country. According to a writer in the *Musical News and Herald*, the oldest known manuscript piece of music in harmony is a carol, "Thys zol, thys zol, ye beste red that ye kan," at present in the possession of Lord Howard de Walden. A collection of carols made by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521 is the oldest printed record known, but only a fragment of it survives in the Bodleian Library, from which the famous Queen's College, Oxford, carol is taken, "Carrol bryngyng in the boar's head." Like nearly all our Christmas ritual, the carol is of pre-Christian origin, and meant originally simply a round dance with singing, and we know that men danced and sang both before and after they became Christians.

Perhaps it was because the actual word "carol" comes from a Greek word meaning a flute-player that the Royal Choral Society in its Christmas concert programme at the Albert Hall included a Bach Aria, "Comfort Sweet," sung by Miss Dora Labette, with flute obbligato played by Mr. Robert Murchie. The rest of the programme consisted of well-known carols, such as "In Dulci Jubilo," the greater part of which the choir sung in unison, although it was advertised on the programme that Bach's harmonisation was being used. The Royal Choral Society is, however, slowly improving. Even the most conservative of our musical organisations is beginning to realise that the days when the late Sir John Stainer re-harmonised so many of our ancient tunes à la Mendelssohn, taking away from them almost all their characteristic bite and flavour, were *bad* old days, and that, in order to get to the good old days of yore, we must go much further back in time. It was therefore matter for congratulation that the Christmas programme of the Royal Choral Society included one genuine work from the great period of English music—namely, Orlando Gibbons's anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David." This, although the most difficult piece of music which

the choir had to tackle on that occasion, was sung with admirable clarity and precision, and Mr. Balfour, the conductor, is to be congratulated on his successful handling of such a large body of voices.

A further innovation was Mr. John Goss's singing of a number of folk-songs. This so evidently hit the

picture of national characteristics. The English song from a musical point of view was the best, and it had the freshness and purity of sentiment which is the intrinsically English quality, a quality we find in all our Elizabethan songs, but unfortunately in very few of our modern songs. The Spanish song was spirited and vivacious; the French had a plaintive melancholy which was recognisably Gallic.

It is important that all choirs and choral societies and musicians everywhere should make use of correct editions of carols and of our old music generally. The names of such musicians as Dr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, Mr. Martin Shaw, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw are always a guarantee that any editions they are connected with will preserve the original modal character of the music. All editions of carols and folk-songs made during practically the whole of the nineteenth century are to be looked upon with suspicion and cannot be trusted. They were the work of men who did not understand the older music, and, as they thought, corrected its imperfections to fit their own narrow conventions; the consequence was that they emasculated and refined it out of existence.

Those who think men do not need leaders betray their extraordinary ignorance of history. Everybody would admit this in theory, yet in practice we are constantly being asked what is the good of small groups of people forming themselves into societies such as the British Drama League or the British Music Society in order to obtain something which the public evidently does not want? The British Drama League wants a National Theatre, and it is endeavouring to help the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Committee to get it. There is no doubt it will in time succeed. But the latest of these organisations is the National Opera Trust, which has been formed with the object of "securing and maintaining the performance of Grand Opera in this country in a manner compatible with the

dignity of a great nation." The trustees include the Marquess of Londonderry, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir Ernest Palmer, Sir Hugh Allen (Director of the Royal College of Music), and Sir

(Continued overleaf.)



THE FIRST "BABY" OF HIS BREED TO BE SEEN IN ENGLAND: THE YOUNG AFRICAN LECHWE ANTELOPE BORN AT THE "ZOO" ON CHRISTMAS DAY. The first specimen of a Lechwe antelope reached the "Zoo" in 1859, soon after the species had been discovered by Livingstone. No more came to London till two years ago, when a male and two females were acquired. The young one born on Christmas Day is the first "baby" of his kind seen in this country. In colour he is sandy-brown, like his mother.

Photograph by C.N.

audience's fancy that it will probably be repeated next year. Among Mr. Goss's songs were an English, a Spanish, and a French carol, which he sang in their respective languages. It gave an interesting miniature

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Continued.

Landon Ronald. A manifesto has been issued and an honorary organiser appointed, whose office is the National Opera Trust, 199, Piccadilly, W.1. The manifesto points out that in nearly all other European



WINTER SPORT IN ENGLEBERG: A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE SPLENDID BOBSLEIGH RUN, OVER TWO MILES LONG.

The winter season started in Engleberg last month in glorious weather, the large skating-rink being in excellent condition. The Engleberg Skating Club has inaugurated figure-tests this year, to be skated for bronze, silver, and gold medals. The Curling Club opened its season with a match between an English and a Scotch team, won by the latter; and skiers have practised at the jumping hill which was such a success in last year's Swiss National Championship. Well-known jumpers entered for the big competition on New Year's Day. The newly-cut road through the woods at Gerschnialp opens up the Hegmatt and Egli runs to even the moderate skiers. On the splendid bobsleigh run the International Club expects a record season.

countries opera is subsidised by Governments and municipalities, but that here it is dependent upon the munificence of private individuals. Unfortunately, owing to their being sporadic and unorganised, these efforts have not secured us a permanent production of Grand Opera year after year throughout the country. Enormous sums of money have been expended by various individuals, and in the aggregate the amount spent on subsidising opera in this country must have at least equalled that spent by many Governments and municipalities abroad. Sir Thomas Beecham, the Carnegie Trust, the backers of the British National Opera Company, the old Grand Opera Syndicate of Covent Garden and the new London Opera Syndicate (which gave us the Grand Opera season last year at Covent Garden, and which is responsible for the season beginning next May)—all these have paid out enormous sums of money year after year without ever securing a permanent existence for Grand Opera in London, to say nothing of the provinces. We cannot say the money has been wasted, because we have had the performances; but no man is satisfied with the meals he had last year—he wants to secure both their abundance and their quality in the future. This can only be done by organisation.

The National Opera Trust proposes to raise a capital sum of half-a-million pounds sterling, the interest on which will be spent annually in subsidising performances of Grand Opera which deserve financial support. Now the two great virtues of this plan are that (1) the capital sum remains intact and secures permanence to the scheme, and, as we all know, permanence is the most valuable factor in assistance of this sort. Sporadic and haphazard grants are worse than useless—they make for inefficiency rather than for efficiency. (2) The Trust is not bound to any particular opera company, or to the performance of English operas or foreign operas, or even the performance of opera in English. It is absolutely free, and it will spend its annual income with one principle in view only, and that is to secure the highest possible artistic standard of performance.

There is, however, one serious flaw in the scheme. It has been proved again and again that you cannot raise an immense sum of money for any artistic purpose of this kind from the general public. You are dependent upon the few rich men and women who will give large capital sums, and such people are not going to give large sums to be spent by a body of trustees in whom they have no interest and over

whom they have no control. Sir Thomas Beecham will spend £10,000 on an opera season under his own direction; Mr. Samuel Courtauld will, perhaps, guarantee £10,000 towards a specific operatic performance or series of performances; but these gentlemen and others like them—there are, unfortunately, not many—will not give large sums of money to an amorphous body of trustees in whose aesthetic judgment they have no reason to believe. The public must be led; it will not, cannot lead; but it must be led by an individual—a Beecham, a Cochran, a Mussolini, or a Napoleon. It will not be led by a huge body of trustees.

W. J. TURNER.



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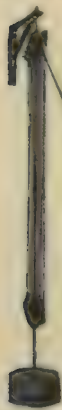
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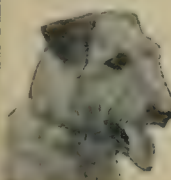
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The Drunken Motorist.

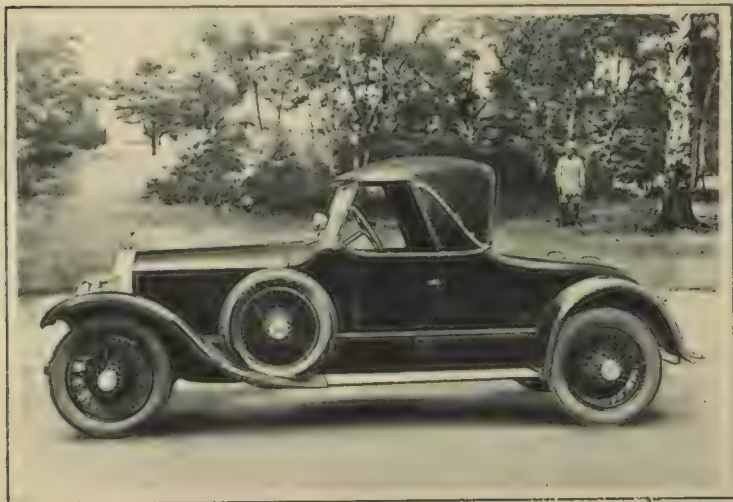
The passing of a clause in the Criminal Justice Act by which a conviction for being drunk in charge of a motor-vehicle is automatically followed by suspension for twelve months of the driving license has given rise to a mass of conflicting opinions. On the one hand, it is argued that drunkenness while driving is one of the most dangerous offences against the community, and therefore no punishment can be too severe for the person who wilfully jeopardises lives and limbs. On the other, it is pointed out that the monetary penalty for this offence has been increased from forty shillings to £50, which in itself is a very heavy one, more particularly when added to the provision that a month's imprisonment may be given as well. Under the old law, the Bench had discretion also to suspend the license for any length of time which seemed reasonable in the circumstances, or even to cancel it altogether. I find

myself in agreement with those who think the law had better have been made differently, and the power to suspend allowed to remain discretionary. Fines and imprisonment are sufficiently serious in themselves, and ought to act as a reasonably good deterrent against the class of offence with which we are dealing. Added to the power to suspend the license, they seem to be quite powerful enough to meet the most extreme case. Now, in the case of the professional driver, or the private individual who uses his car for business or in his profession, and cannot, for one reason or another, employ a driver, the suspension of his license means that the whole or part of his living is suddenly taken away. Granted that it is his own fault; but I think there can be no doubt that this aspect will often lead magistrates to be chary of convicting when such conviction carries the consequences I have noted. Furthermore, the question of whether a person is really drunk to the point which makes him incapable of driving properly is a debatable one, and must give rise to more doubt than ever in the magisterial mind. The case seems eminently one in which the severity of the penalty is likely to defeat the object for which it is intended.

More Motor-Car Statistics.

Sir Henry Fowler told the Institution of Mechanical Engineers the other day that there are nearly seven motor-vehicles to every mile of road in the country. Elaborating the argument, he said that, if we assume the present rate of increase to continue for ten years, there would be about thirty-five vehicles to the mile. The congestion, he said, around great towns would be something which no authority had yet shown its capacity to deal with. This sounds very alarming; but there is only a remote probability of any such state of things coming to pass. The number of vehicles indicated by the estimate in question would work out at something like one vehicle per seven of the population, which is a figure nobody believes can be reached in this

country. I know it has just about been reached in the United States, but then the conditions there are so different. The workman and the domestic



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W. W.



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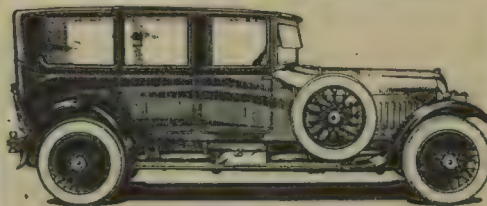
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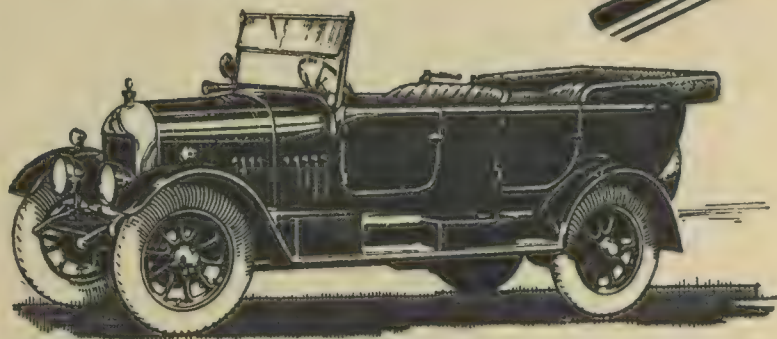
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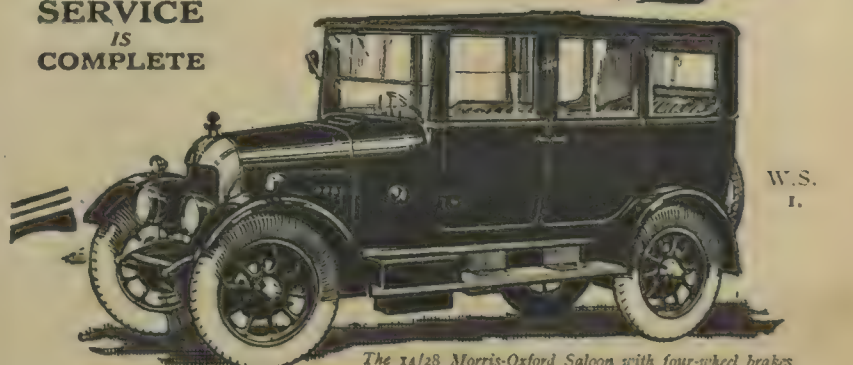
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COMPLETE**



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PREHISTORIC LINKS BETWEEN FRANCE AND ABYSSINIA.

MENHIR FIGURES OF THE BRONZE OR POLISHED STONE AGE.

(See Illustrations on Page 50.)

IN connection with the photographs (given on our "Books of the Day" page) of two prehistoric menhirs discovered in France, in the Departments of Aveyron and Tarn, M. Marc André Fabre writes: "Discussing the discoveries of the Rev. Father Azais in Abyssinia, in *L'Illustration* of May 30, 1925, M. E. Pottier pointed out the curious analogy between the Ethiopian megalith monuments and the menhirs of the Tarn and Aveyron. It will be recalled that the discovery of these carved stones, as well as the name which has been generally adopted for them, is due to the Abbé Hermet, Curé of the Hospitalet-du-Larzac (Aveyron). He is well known by his work on the Samian potteries of the Graufesenque, near

"The first menhir statues were discovered at 'Mas-Capelier' (Aveyron), in 1866. They disappeared afterwards, but the Abbé Hermet, who was then a child, has a vivid recollection of them. The first to be secured was found by M. de Bage in the Valley of the Marne in 1874. Between 1888 and 1900 the Abbé Hermet discovered more than thirty, in the Departments of the Tarn, Aveyron, and Hérault. The most characteristic are those of Saint-Sernin, Arribats, and Pousthomy. They represent a person recognisable by his nose and eyes, his legs and arms, with a belt (which can be seen at the back of the statue as well), and a shoulder-belt from which an object shaped like a knife is hung. Quite recently the Abbé Hermet found at La Verrière, near Montagnol (Aveyron), a new menhir statue differing from the preceding ones. It does not represent a human face or back, but the vertical folds of a garment can be seen quite clearly, and an object shaped like a knife, placed horizontally and in the middle. One can only suppose that these statues were divinities, and date from the Bronze or Polished Stone Age." The two photographs given on page 50 show respectively the new menhir stone discovered lately at La Verrière and another found at Arribats.

greater confidence than "Ardente - Acoustique," that perfect little aid so freely prescribed by aurists and doctors. Small, light, and wonder-



AN AMERICAN SOLUTION OF THE MOTOR-PARKING PROBLEM:

A ROOF GARAGE IN THE HEART OF WASHINGTON.

The parking of cars is becoming as great a problem in the larger American cities as it is in London. Above we illustrate how an American business man at Washington has converted the roof of his premises into a garage.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

Millau, from whence come several vases discovered quite recently at Wroxeter, and reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* of September 19, 1925.

There is nothing in this world a deaf friend would more appreciate than the gift of perfect hearing; and there is nothing one can give with



THRILLING RESCUES FROM A BELGIAN STEAMER WRECKED OFF BEACHY HEAD: ONE OF THE CREW OF THE "COMTESSE DE FLANDRE" BEING HAULED ASHORE IN A BREECHES-BUOY ON A LIFE-LINE.

The s.s. "Comtesse de Flandre" ran aground at Crowlink Point, between Seaford and Beachy Head, in the early hours of December 30. A very violent gale was raging, and although an "S.O.S." was picked up at Newhaven at 4 a.m., the vessel was not located for two hours. Waves twenty feet high were breaking over her decks, but the coxswain of the Newhaven lifeboat succeeded in climbing aboard. The captain refused to leave with his crew, but, after fruitless endeavours had been made by a Newhaven tug to haul the vessel off, the crew were rescued by a life-line. The captain, who had still refused to leave his ship, climbed over the side at low tide and walked over the rocks to safety.

Photograph by I.B.

fully inconspicuous in use, for men and women, in day or evening wear, it gives permanent "natural" hearing to all, whatever the cause, degree, or duration of their affliction. Deaf doctors use it, and a special presentation scheme has been devised, particulars of which may be obtained from Mr. R. H. Dent (the originator), of 95, Wigmore Street, London, W.1; (phone: Mayfair 1380); 9, Duke Street, Cardiff; 51, King Street, Manchester; 206, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; 59, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and 1, Old Market Place, Grimsby.

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BODY CARPETING	27 in. wide,	Hamptons' Regular Price	10/6 per yard,	Reduced to	8/6
STAIR CARPETING	22½ in. wide,	"	"	"	8/3
	27 in.,	"	"	"	8/6
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HAMPTONS' Regular Price		Reduced		HAMPTONS' Regular Price		Reduced	
ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to
7 6	× 6 9	.. 7 17 6	.. 6 3 9	12 0	× 9 0	.. 16 16 0	.. 13 4 0
9 0	× 6 9	.. 9 9 0	.. 7 8 6	12 0	× 11 3	.. 21 0 0	.. 16 10 0
10 6	× 6 9	.. 11 1 0	.. 8 13 3	13 6	× 11 3	.. 23 12 6	.. 18 11 3
10 6	× 9 0	.. 14 14 0	.. 11 11 0				

RUGS TO MATCH.

4 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 3 in.	.. HAMPTONS' Regular Price, 36/6	.. Reduced to 27/6
5 ft. 6 in. × 3 ft. 0 in.	.. HAMPTONS' Regular Price, 63/-	.. Reduced to 47/6

HAMPTONS' Lot No. 211c. Super Grade INDIAN CARPETS. Hamptons invite a close comparison of the quality of these goods, as the exceptional values cannot otherwise be realised. The selections are mostly on ivory, blue, and brown ground work, with other soft colourings introduced into the designs. They are particularly attractive. The entire stock is being cleared at the following reductions:

REDUCED from		to		REDUCED from		to		REDUCED from		to	
ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to
6 6	× 5 3	3 4 6	2 16 0	10 6	× 9 4	9 5 6	8 0 6	12 7	× 12 5	14 15 0	12 15 0
7 2	× 7 2	4 17 0	4 4 0	10 2	× 10 5	10 2 0	8 14 6	13 4	× 10 5	13 2 6	11 6 6
7 3	× 7 4	5 0 0	4 6 0	10 9	× 11 4	11 10 6	9 18 0	13 0	× 11 0	13 10 6	11 13 6
8 2	× 5 3	4 1 0	3 10 0	11 1	× 9 1	9 10 0	8 4 0	13 6	× 11 5	14 11 0	12 11 0
8 2	× 8 2	6 6 0	5 9 0	11 2	× 11 1	11 14 0	10 2 0	14 2	× 11 9	15 14 6	13 11 6
9 0	× 9 3	7 17 6	6 16 6	12 0	× 9 1	10 6 0	8 18 0	14 0	× 12 4	16 1 6	13 17 6
9 3	× 9 5	8 4 6	7 2 0	12 1	× 10 3	11 14 0	10 2 0	15 3	× 12 4	17 15 6	15 7 0
9 10	× 9 1	8 9 0	7 6 0	12 9	× 11 0	13 5 0	11 9 0	16 3	× 13 2	17 16 6	15 7 6
10 2	× 7 3	6 19 6	6 0 6	12 0	× 12 7	14 5 6	12 6 6	17 5	× 13 4	21 19 0	18 18 6

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"If this happens again, I will send you back to England."

Wellington and Massena, 3rd May, 1811.

At the Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro Captain Ramsey, with his guns, was suddenly cut off from the British lines by an unexpected movement of the French Cavalry and a strong force advanced towards the British Army, preventing Ramsey from rejoining his forces. He never hesitated a moment; with his horses dragging the guns like mere toys, he charged towards the French Cavalry and bursting through them rode back exultingly into his own lines again. The Iron Duke, who had watched the scene, rode up to him and said: "Captain Ramsey, if this happens again, I will send you back to England!"

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

PANTOMIMES IN THE WEST END.

PANTOMIME is slowly but surely declining as a feature of Christmas festivities in the theatre, and the holiday entertainments are becoming more and more confined to revivals of well-proved favourites. This season there are but two West-End pantomimes—"Dick Whittington," at the Lyceum, and "Cinderella," at the Palladium. That pretty vocalist, Miss Helen Gilliland, plays the part of Dick in the Lyceum show, and sings charmingly, as does also Miss Ena Dale as principal girl; but broad humour is, as usual, the note of the pantomime, such being supplied in abundance by Mr. George Jackley and his fellow comedians. Its spectacle is the chief merit of the Palladium "Cinderella," but it has a good pantomime "boy" in Miss Clarice Mayne; there is plenty of fun and swing in its scenes; and it can boast something like a connected story.

"PETER PAN'S" COMING OF AGE.

"Peter Pan" is twenty-one years old. The thing sounds incredible, and is only true in a bald, chronological sense. It is that number of years, alack! since Nina Boucicault's Peter and Hilda Trevelyan's Wendy, and Gerald du Maurier's Mr. Darling and Captain Hook helped to make what is now a nursery classic seem a revelation in the way of fantasy; but new generations, alike of players and of spectators, have come along to enable Sir James Barrie's hero to keep his promise of never growing up. And so, glad though one is to find the magic of the familiar story still unimpaired, the charm for the *revenue* of any revival of "Peter Pan" is the recognition the cast may permit of famous names carrying on with youthful representatives the traditions of their families. Thus on the Shaftesbury

programme we find mention of a Vanbrugh, a du Maurier, a Lucas, and a De La Mare. Miss Prudence Vanbrugh figures pleasantly once more as Mrs. Darling; Miss Angela du Maurier makes-believe as Wendy; Miss J. De la Mare is one of the twins; while the Tootles is Miss Audrey Lucas. There is a new Peter, the third American Peter, Miss Dorothy Dickson coming over from the Winter Garden, and proving more boyish and less wistful than some Peters we can recall. And there are two delightful small children in the company—Brian Glennie as Michael and Olive Drew, the Liza. The law of change has affected every character save one in this play; amid all the variations in other parts Smee has stood firm. Through "Peter Pan's" history he has had but a single impersonator. This is Mr. George Shelton, as drily humorous to-day as he was at the show's *première*. Long life to him!

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE IN "HENRY VIII."

Since "Henry VIII.," whether it be Shakespeare's work or Fletcher's, is a mere patchwork of scenes and speeches, a chronicle play too faithful to detail ever to secure unity of effect, but too rich in eloquence and telling characterisation to deserve regret, the only way to treat it on the stage is to bedizen it with colour and ensure that its bursts of rhetoric and its successive figures, as they take the limelight for a while, shall make their proper if momentary appeal. This has been Miss Sybil Thorndike's way, and it results in a very memorable production. She has called in Mr. Charles Ricketts to her aid, and he, in designing the costumes, has remembered his Holbein, so that we are provided at the Empire Theatre with a spectacle that recalls for us the external picturesqueness of Tudor dress and makes a sumptuous background for the art of the players. If the chances of the decorative artist are many in "Henry VIII."—and Mr. Ricketts has

seized them to the full—so also are the opportunities for the individual actor or actress. Buckingham's moment comes early, Queen Katharine's woes occupy the bulk of the play, and Wolsey's famous farewell to his greatness stands out in relief between the trial scene and the long-drawn-out dying speeches of the Queen. There are thus, quite apart from King Henry himself and his little minx of an Anne Bullen, three "star" parts to which fine diction can help to dignity and charm. Mr. Arthur Wontner's voice lends to Buckingham's oratory the sombre music it demands. The Wolsey of Mr. Lyall Swete, crippled on the first night by laryngeal trouble, apparently due to a cold, cannot be fairly judged yet, but seemed to increase in impressiveness and emotional power as he neared his fall. Miss Thorndike's Katharine is a Queen who wins our homage and touches the heart, majestic whether scornful or pleading in the trial scene, equal to every note of pathos or passion in her lines until they cease. Big acting this! For the rest, the fat, testy, amorous Henry VIII. of Mr. Norman V. Norman is true to type; we have a piquant Anne in Miss Angela Baddeley; and Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Leahy, and Mr. Hignett are also members of a strong cast.

Special third-class round trip rates are now applicable by the "O" steamers of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company to New York. The new fare of £32 will be effective the whole year round, and will doubtless be the means of enabling many to make a voyage which otherwise could not be contemplated. A new class, "Tourist third cabin," has been instituted, the round voyage fare for which is £35, and with improved menus, special cabins, and other new features, this class is likely to prove very popular.



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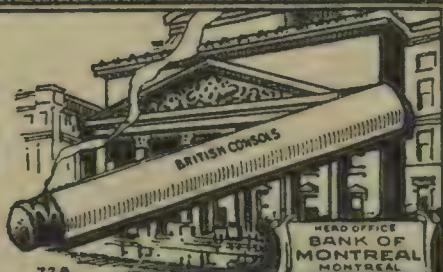
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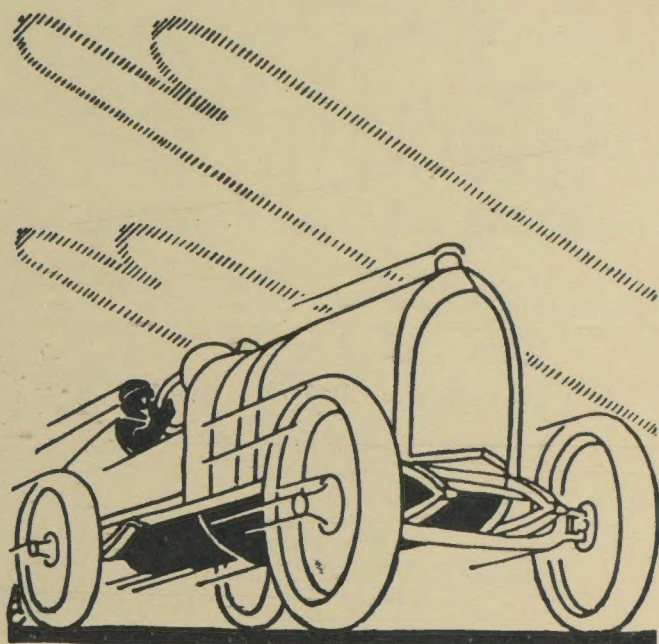
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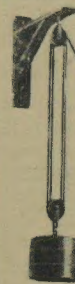


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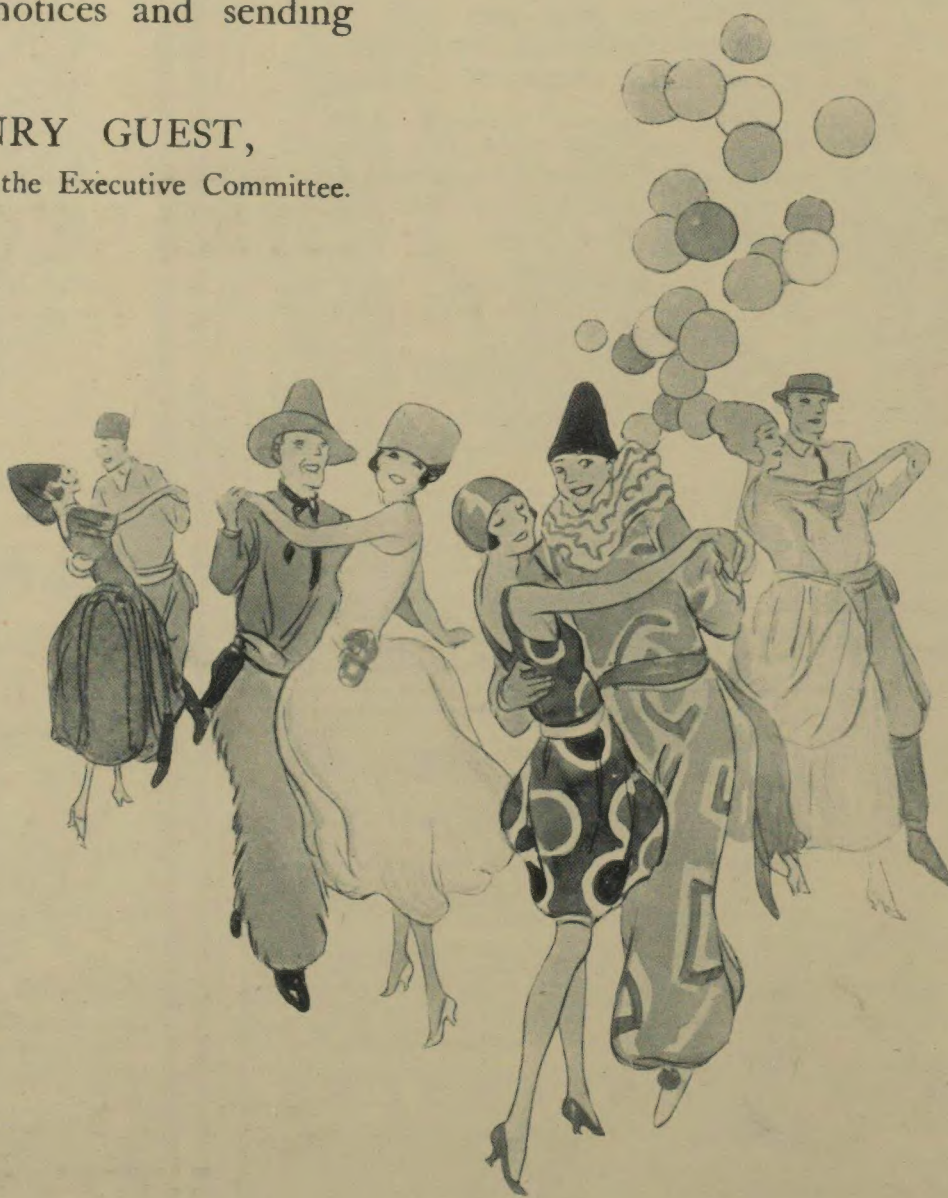
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The Executive Committee of the "HAPPY NEW YEAR" COSTUME BALL, held at the Royal Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital and the British Empire Service League, desire to thank all those who co-operated with them to make the Ball the triumphant success which it was. The Committee acknowledge their gratitude to Messrs. Ayala and Co., Ltd., Delbeck and Co., Paul Ruinart and Co., Pommery and Greno, Ltd., for their handsome gifts of Champagne; to Messrs. Abdulla and Co., Ltd., for their generosity in presenting Cigarettes; to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., for their donation of Chocolates; to Messrs. Lucile, Ltd., of Paris, for Dolls; and to those Hotels, Clubs and Shops for their kindness in displaying notices and sending out circulars.

HENRY GUEST,

Chairman of the Executive Committee.



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Be Charity, to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know."*

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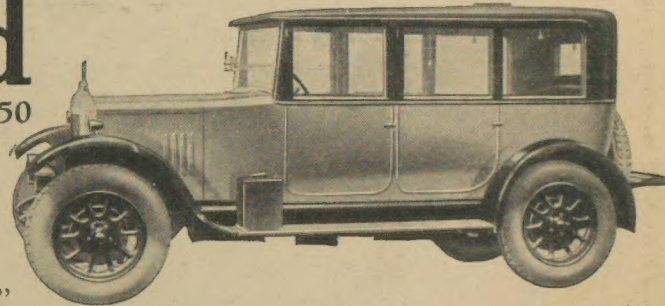
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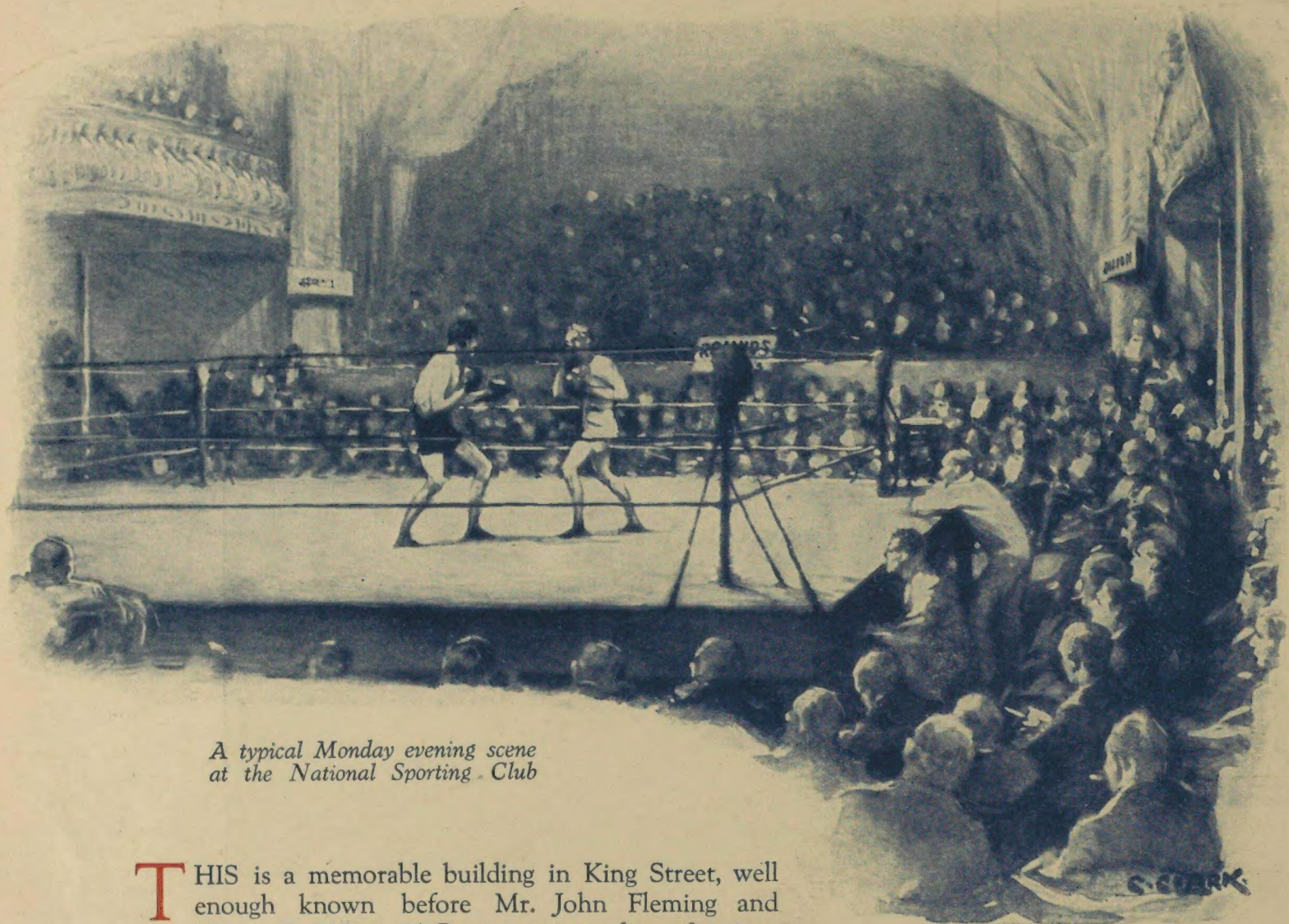
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THIS is a memorable building in King Street, well enough known before Mr. John Fleming and Mr. A. F. ("Peggy") Bettinson transformed it into the headquarters of professional boxing on March 15th, 1891, reincarnating, as it were, the old Pelican in the National Sporting Club.

Here, where Peter Jackson met Frank Slavin for the world's championship, Carpentier—Wells, and Jimmy Wilde—Joe Lynch, traditionally is the original convent of "Convent Garden." How Time loves incongruities! Here, they say, Claude Duval lay miserably imprisoned. Here was the first Cabinet Meeting held. Here the first London hotel

Here, where the likely lads are gathered from every corner of the land of a Monday evening to prove their mettle in the squared circle, you turn from the cast of Tom Sayers' portentous right arm—truly there were giants in those days—to see an Adam ceiling; marvel at a Grinling Gibbons mantelpiece—and meet on the wall the smiling eyes of Driscoll, the handsome, the debonair. Here the air is as heavy with old memories as with the resin of the ring. Here the centuries merge.

*Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen
for its unswervingly high standard
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John Haig

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